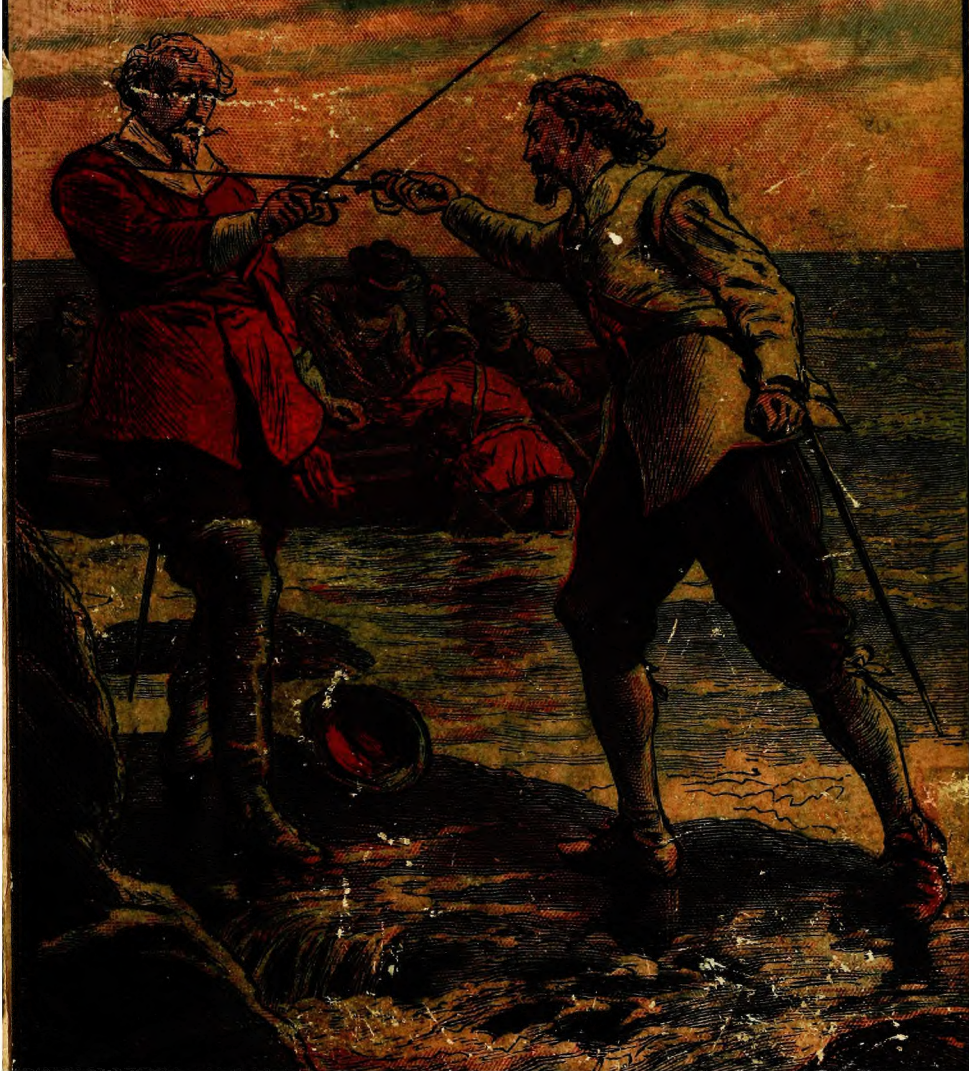




THE

# CAPTAIN-GENERAL

BY W. J. GORDON





# THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL



## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

### THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL.



"It is a true tale, and yet a real romance, and is told with a vigour and quiet power that are lifelike and truly admirable."—*Spectator*.

"We can recommend all who love true tales of adventure, told in terse and nervous English, to read the book."—*Academy*.

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THE  
CAPTAIN-GENERAL

BY  
W. J. GORDON



THIRD EDITION

LONDON AND NEW YORK  
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.

1891

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**I Dedicate this Book**

**TO THE BEST FRIEND THAT HAS BEEN GIVEN TO ME,**

**AND THAT BEST FRIEND IS**

*MY WIFE*



## P R E F A C E.

---

IT was in Mr. Henniker Heaton's "Australian Dictionary of Dates" that I first read of the Dutch attempt to colonise New Holland, and on further inquiry it seemed to me an experience of some significance, dramatic in incident and completeness, and worth recording at length with due regard to its modern application.

It is a story of the struggles of a nation in miniature, whose central figure is an unscrupulous adventurer making capital out of the political theories of the day, and advancing through democracy to despotism in a way not unknown to students of revolutions.

It is a pirate story, bloodstained, as all such stories are, and ending in cruelty and death; but I trust I have not dwelt on the details of crime more than was necessary, and I am sure those of my readers who turn to the older versions will acquit me of giving undue prominence to the horrible.

It has not been thought worth while to give copies of all the bonds and undertakings entered into on the



island. Those of my readers who are curious in the matter will find the documents, with the minutes of the court-martial, set forth at length in the black-letter quarto of the "Ongeluckige Voyagie."

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### NOTE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

I LITTLE thought that I should receive a letter from the scene of this story, or that a Fellow of the Linnean Society, on ornithological studies bent, would one day visit the far coral island and on it find a copy of my book. But so it has come about. It is not, however, to parade these facts that I add a note, but to mention from information received from the spot, and also from a paper read before the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science, that Houtman's Abrolhos are now the haunt of a greater number of sea birds than any other distinct or limited spot in the world, and that the old Batavia's Grave is now the richest guano field in Australasia. The story seemed complete as I found it; the phosphatic robe of oblivion is a characteristic finish on which we might moralise much!

W. J. G.

# CONTENTS.



CHAP.	PAGE
<p>I. AT ANCHOR . . . . .</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Derrick brings the news—The first boy-colonist of New Holland—Francis Pelsart—Claes Gerrits.</p>	<p>1</p>
<p>II. OUTWARD BOUND .</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">The route—The conspiracy—Off to the Indies —The supercargo and the steward.</p>	<p>10</p>
<p>III. THE TWO EAST INDIA COMPANIES</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">The colony projected—Houtman's ransom— Lancaster's voyage—The Dutch East India Company.</p>	<p>22</p>
<p>IV. THE LITTLE WORLD</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Under way—The passengers—The two minori- ties—Gysbert Bastians.</p>	<p>28</p>
<p>V. EAVES-DROPPING</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Sunday in the Channel—Conspirators in con- ference—Zeevanck's ditty—Derrick and Hays.</p>	<p>39</p>
<p>VI. RECRUITING</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">The swordfish—Heylwerck won over—Cornelis at work—Englishman's luck.</p>	<p>50</p>

CHAP.		PAGE
VII.	KOOPMAN'S LUCK . . . . .	63
	The instruments of navigation—The storm— The scene between decks—The minister does his duty.	
VIII.	THE DISASTER . . . . .	78
	Lamberts hauls the bowline—Cornelis prepares —The wreck—Houtman's Abrolhos.	
IX.	CORNELIS IN COMMAND . . . . .	88
	De Scanis explores the island—A mutiny— Cornelis has a surprise—And disappears.	
X.	HEYNDRICKS IN COMMAND . . . . .	101
	Cornelis gone—Egberts volunteers—Pelsart clears the wreck—Heyndricks and the supercargo's papers.	
XI.	THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE . . . . .	112
	Sunday on the island—The water question— The demonstration—Pelsart's expedition.	
XII.	DE SCANIS IN COMMAND . . . . .	126
	A peaceful reign—Hays—Heyndricks and the widow—The ship breaks up.	
XIII.	MANŒUVRING . . . . .	145
	The new scheme—The democracy—The cry for equality—The first public meeting.	
XIV.	THE BROTHERLY BOND . . . . .	160
	The Pieters family—The apothecary and in- visible ink—Another meeting—Signing the bond.	

# CONTENTS.

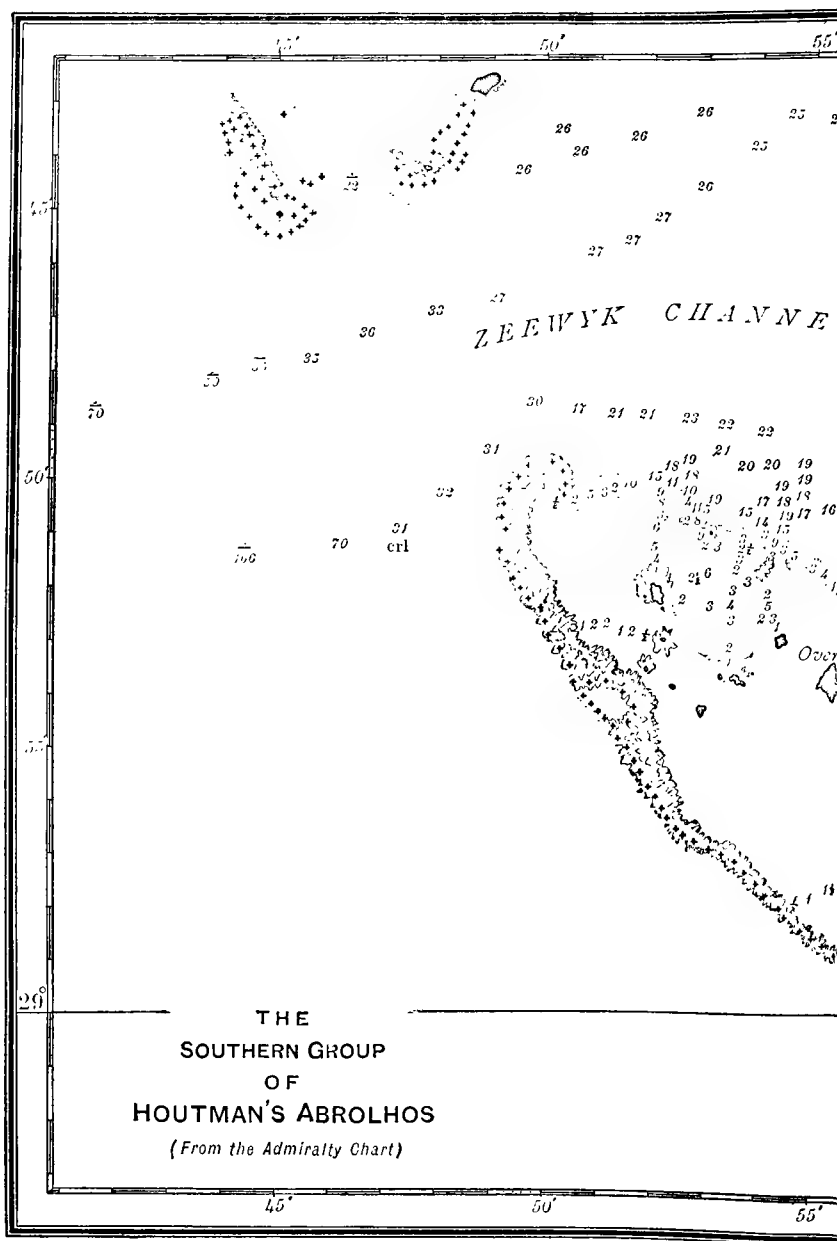
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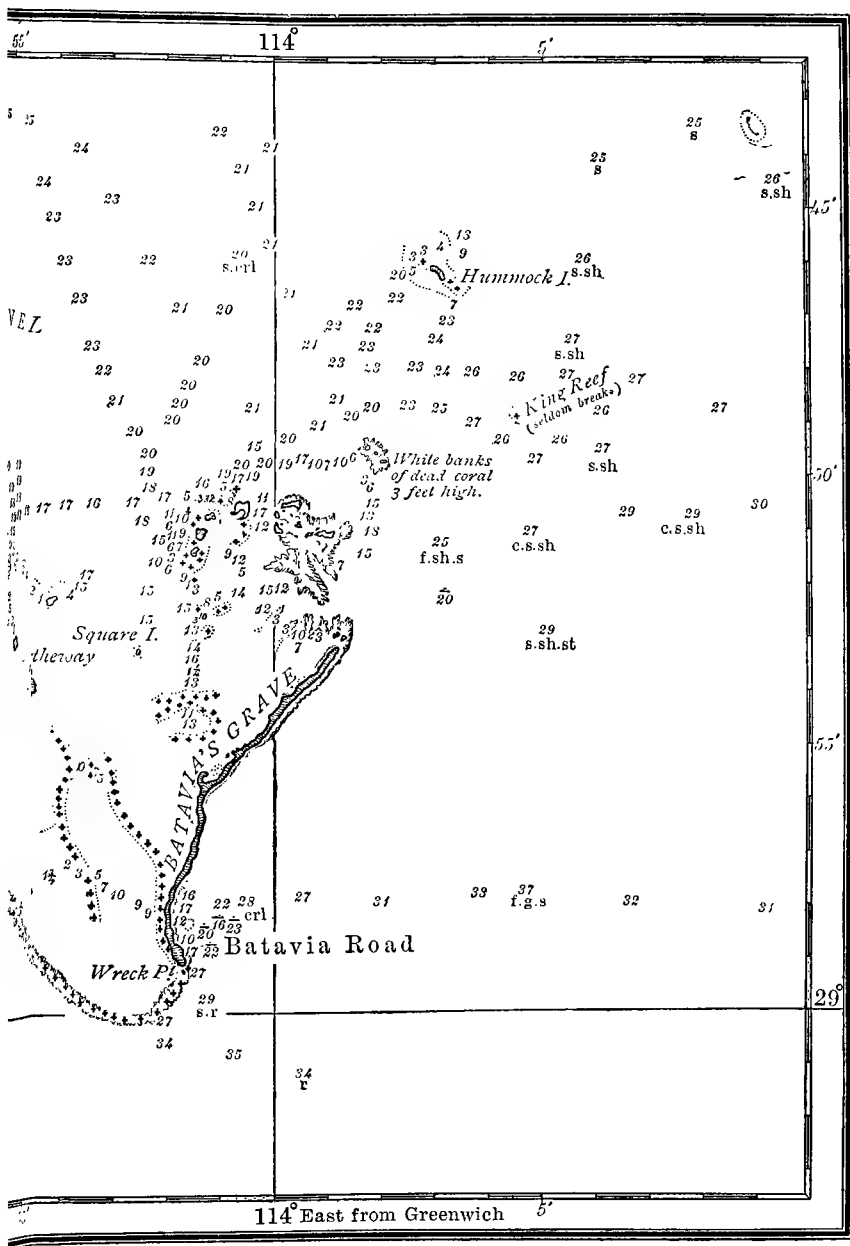
CHAP.	PAGE
XV. MATCHMAKING . . . . .	173
Liberty—Marriage and love—Lucretia makes mischief—The first victim.	
XVI. THE REIGN OF AGITATION . . . . .	184
Decker's trial—First principles—More meetings—Hays and the Frenchmen sent away.	
XVII. BASTIANS TO THE RESCUE . . . . .	195
A title required—Cornelis chosen Captain-General—The bond of election—The minister and his daughter.	
XVIII. HEYNDRICKS BEARDS THE LION . . . . .	206
The prisoners—Banishment of Derrik—The steward and the sentry—The Captain-General is defied.	
XIX. THE MASSACRE . . . . .	217
Lucretia's bitter lesson—She poisons Heyndricks—The blow is struck—Escape of the prisoners.	
XX. THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER . . . . .	229
Square Island—Hays in command—The massacre on Overtheway—The capture of the stores.	
XXI. THE CEREMONIAL . . . . .	240
The bond of indemnity—The public greeting of the Captain-General—His speech—His wedding.	
XXII. THE FIGHT FOR LIFE . . . . .	252
Conrad's attack—A reconnaissance in force—The great battle—Zeevanck covers the retreat.	

CHAP.		PAGE
XXIII.	THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL DOES NOT PROSPER A new policy—The deserter—The Frenchmen staunch—Cornelis is captured.	265
XXIV.	AT LAST . . . Lucretia in command—A ship in sight—Hays equal to the occasion—The pirates en- trapped.	280
XXV.	THE FATE OF THE WOMEN . . . . Pelsart's boat voyage—The merry-making on Batavia's Grave—The tragedy of the night—Lucretia cheats her captors.	288
XXVI.	THE FATE OF THE MEN The court-martial—The sentence of death—A father's blessing—The last of the Captain- General.	298











# THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL.



## CHAPTER I.

### AT ANCHOR.

It was an October afternoon, misty, grey, and chill. The sun lay low in the sky, a pale, watery disc, peering through a veil, and the mere phantom of its summer self. The Zuyder Zee rolled lazily and wearily, with unequal effort, as if each oily, ashen wave were the sport of a different wind, and broke only in bursts of petulance. There were no brisk white horses, and the tangled strings and flakes of foam were few and far apart. The wide stretch of restless water was bounded by the distant land, but the movement of the waves seemed less and less as they neared it, and no streak of brightness marked the boundary.

A fleet was riding at anchor in the shelter of the Texel. By the island shore the ships lay close ; and far away to the south-eastward, just losing the sun,

another group of masts and patches of slowly gliding sail betrayed the whereabouts of Enkhuizen and the narrowing entrance to the South Sea, properly so called, for Zuyder is but Dutch for south.

There were eleven ships in the fleet off Oude Schild to which the boats from the shore went to and fro the oftenest. These were flying the flag of the Dutch East India Company, and were evidently outward bound. Solid and clumsy they were, but pleasantly picturesque, gaudily painted with much green and white, high in the stern, low in the bow, and of a rig long passed away and only recognizable in survivals.

A lugger, reaching in from the North Sea round Eierland and past Oostereinde, brought to as she passed through the fleet; and signals were made from her to the shore boats returning empty. One of the shore boats answered the hail, pulled alongside, and took a passenger, and as she sheered off the lugger launched her own boat, which went away at top speed towards the town.

"To the *Batavia*," said the passenger, a swarthy looking boy of fifteen, wrapped in a thick blue cloak. And the boatman headed straight for the flagship, which lay a little away from the rest. Passing the *Dordrecht* and *Assendelft*, the boat was soon alongside the biggest of the Indiamen, and the boy briskly

mounted the short rope ladder and asked to be taken immediately to Captain Pelsart.

"What name?" asked the guard at the gangway, looking suspiciously at the blue cloak, which might be covering a prince's velvet or a pauper's rags.

"Derrik"

"From whom?"

"Urgent news from France, tell the captain."

A black boy, a very black boy, passing at the moment, was sent to the cabin with the message, and in a minute or two returned. Holding the cloak tightly round him, so as to hide everything but his feet, Derrik followed his guide, and was ushered into the presence of the great man he sought.

He made a most elaborate and lengthy bow; the captain acknowledged the prolonged salute with a very slight and distant nod; the negro shut the cabin door, and as it clicked Derrik threw off the cloak, and stood revealed, an ordinary sailor boy, wearing nothing but a shabby shirt and trousers and a formidable pair of boots.

"I have a letter, mynheer, from Monsieur Guitton. I come direct from La Rochelle"

"What does Monsieur Guitton want with me?" asked the captain, opening the letter.

"Only to help me, sir."



"So it seems. But what is your urgent news?"

"La Rochelle fell, starved out, nine days ago, Saturday week, the 18th of October."

"What?" said Pelsart, with a start; "did then the English do nothing?"

"Nothing! King Charles sent Admiral Pennington to block up the harbour to help Richelieu, and the men mutinied. Then the King ordered him to consign his own ship to the French Admiral, and enter the service of King Louis; and every man deserted and joined us in La Rochelle. Then King Charles changed sides, and sent a Duke named Buckingham to help us, who did nothing, and left us. Then Buckingham was coming again to do nothing, when some one put a knife into him at Portsmouth and rid the world of an impostor. Then an Earl of Lindsey came and stayed outside till Monsieur Guitton had no food to give the people, and he had to yield, not to King Louis or Cardinal Richelieu, but to General Starvation."

"Then La Rochelle has gone, and the Protestant cause in France is lost. Now, who are you?"

"My name is Jan Derrik. My father and mother are dead. My uncle, Maurice Pieters of Haarlem, sent me off to La Rochelle a year ago, telling me he was glad to get rid of me, and wanted to see my face no more. He sent me to his brother, Luycas Pieters, who

lived next to your father's house at Antwerp. Luycas Pieters was a good friend to me. At La Rochelle he was in command of the Hill Battery, and was shot. When he was dying he asked Monsieur Guitton to look after me, and told him I had no friends, and it would be better for me, for many reasons, not to go back to Haarlem. On the day of the surrender I heard of your expedition to the new land, and I found Monsieur Guitton, and asked him for that letter. I escaped through the French lines over the breakwater of piles that the Cardinal made to shut out the English. I was picked up by a lugger, which has just brought me here. And I ask two favours of you. I hope, myn-heer, the letter will incline you to grant my requests."

"What are they?"

"First, that you let me join the *Batavia*.  
Second——"

"Second—what?"

"That you give me enough wages on account to pay the boatman who has brought me in the lugger. For I am moneyless."

"The request is not modest, but the reason is a just one. I can make a place for you, but your tongue seems to run too fast to promise faithful service. However, for your uncle's sake and Monsieur Guitton's, I will risk it. As to wages, I am not used

to make advances to boys: but to that as a gift you are welcome;" and the captain put a florin on the table very carefully, and after a good look at it to see that he had made no mistake. "Did you pay for your passage in the lugger?"

"Yes, mynheer, I had a little money with me when I got away, but the old man did not think it enough, so I kept my boots and my hat and exchanged the rest of my clothes for these things, and that paid the debt."

Captain Pelsart looked straight at Derrik as if he doubted him, but as he met the boy's eyes his look changed.

"You paid your debt!" he said. "It is well;" and then, with another look at the boy, he rose and unlocked a drawer, and, after much fumbling, took out twelve florins, one by one, and turned them over as he counted them. As he locked the drawer again with one hand, with the other he held out the money, saying as he did so:

"Your news is worth your passage money. Get clothes suited to your place, clothes that will last, for the voyage will be long. Tell the sentry at the door I want him."

Derrik's thanks were genuine, but soon said, and he lost no time in bringing in the sentry.

"Pass the word for Abraham," said the captain.

The soldier had not been gone half a minute before the black boy appeared.

"Oh, Abraham," said Pelsart, "take this lad to Mynheer de Scanis, and——"

But here came a knock at the door and an officer entered.

"Come on board, sir," said the new comer, turning to go, as he said so.

"Oh ! that is better. All right, Abraham, you can go. Mynheer Gerrits, one minute. Here is a boy who will be of use to you. He is the nephew of an old friend of mine, and has just come from La Rochelle, which has gone at last to the Cardinal—as you will not be pleased to hear. He will tell you about it. Give him something to do. Enter him as a—— Oh, Derrik, did you want to join the ship or the colony?"

"I thought the colony, sir, but——"

"But what?" asked Pelsart.

"I will leave it to you, sir."

"Choose for yourself," was the reply. "I have said you shall go, and you shall go. You can if you like be the first boy colonist of New Holland, which will be the finest country in the world if all goes well for us; or you can be a boy on the ship that takes the first colonists there. In any case you may be

immortal!—which is it to be? Misery on land, or misery on water?”

“I think I would like my misery on land, mynheer.”

“Then Mynheer Gerrits will see you do not get too much misery on water. And if you are a good boy you may have a chance of changing your opinion.”

And at a sign from Mr. Gerrits, Derrik followed him from the captain’s cabin.

There was not much resemblance between the Captain and his fourth in command, for such the officer proved to be. They were dressed alike, it is true, in buff coat, and baggy brown breeches, and tall, white felt hat with no brim to speak of; but Pelsart was a slightly built man of five feet five or thereabouts, while Claes, as he was familiarly called, was quite a head and a half taller, with massive shoulders and powerful neck; and, while Pelsart was dark and clean shaven, the other sported a heavy yellow beard and moustache, with the ends brushed outwards and upwards, so as to make the most of them.

“You had better say you’ll join the ship,” said the fair-haired giant, stooping, as he led the way to the main deck. “You will have the same work as if you did, and you’ll get better paid. You’ll be everybody’s drudge and nobody’s master. If you want to stay behind in the end it will make no difference.”

The advice was evidently given in good faith, and in a few minutes "Jan Derrik van Rochel" was duly entered as a "jongen," or boy, in the list of the crew of the *Batavia*.

His first duty was to tell the news from La Rochelle to Mr. Gerrits and Mr. de Scanis, who had come up to listen. This did not take long, as neither of the officers had much time to spare. When they were moving away, Derrik asked what he was to do about his clothes.

"Oh!" said Gerrits, "there'll be a boat going ashore in a few minutes. You can go in her; and I'll send somebody with you."



## CHAPTER II.

### OUTWARD BOUND.

COMMODORE PELSART sat in his cabin looking over a batch of official papers just come to him by special messenger from Amsterdam. Putting on one side the Articles of War—the Artykelbriefs, approved by the Stadtholder, Frederick Henry of Orange, and thus, sanctioned by the State, become the laws of the voyage, in accordance with which, in the little kingdom of the fleet, justice was to be administered—he unfolded his sailing instructions.

“The Cape of Good Hope being doubled,” he read, “it is thought good that you sail in an easterly direction between 36 and 39 south latitude until you have reached a point eight hundred miles east of the Cape of Good Hope; that you then direct your course as much north as east, in such a manner that on reaching 30 south latitude you should find yourself about nine hundred and fifty or one thousand miles from the Cape of Good Hope.”

“That,” said Pelsart, “is as usual; what else?”

"These nine hundred and fifty or one thousand miles from the Cape of Good Hope," he continued, "being attained, it is advisable that you bear down upon the Land of Endraght at 27 degrees of south latitude, or more to the north, so as to take thence such a course as will enable you to clear Houtman's Abrolhos in about 20 degrees south latitude without danger."

"Better give them a wide berth!" murmured Pelsart to himself. "If all that is said of them is true, they are the greatest dangers in our course! Ah! Here is the caution!" and he read on:

"The Land of Endraght lies south of 27 degrees south latitude. It has many perilous sandbanks, and the soundings are hard rock; consequently, extreme caution is thereabouts necessary, and constant use of the lead."

"That's a cheerful look out," said he, interrupting his reading. "However——"

"The distance," he went on, flattening out the paper on the table—"the distance between the Cape of Good Hope and the Land of Endraght is probably much shorter than is shown on the chart, and by the aid of the currents, which are reported to be irregular in force and direction, the route may be found shorter, so that land may be reached in much less time than you may be led to anticipate."

"That is vague enough, as usual; it is here, so that whatever happens the company may say, We told you so. It means a constant look out night and day from the Cape."

"You will then—" he began to read on, but he suddenly pushed the paper away from him. "Ah! That is the clause I saw in draft. Enough! We must get all on board to-night, and start first tide to-morrow. With caution and care all will go well. There never was a better ship or a better crew. Would I could say the same of the rest of the fleet!"

Folding up the papers, and putting them away in their proper place—a methodic man was Pelsart, and unused to trust to others what he could do himself—he went to the cabin door.

"Signal to the *Dordrecht*," he ordered, "and ask if the captain is aboard yet."

"They are just signalling that her captain has started for the *Butavia*, sir."

"Very well; then signal to the *Assendelft* that I shall visit Captain Vlack in half an hour."

"Ay, ay, sir."

And the signal was made in effective fashion by simply chalking on a black board, for flag code then there was not—Kempenfeldt, Popham, and Marryat were to come.

The little commodore stepped on to the lofty poop, and, standing by the shrouds of the tiny mizen-mast, looked away to the town, at ease in his own mind that in his ship at least all would be well.

Had he heard what was going on in the back room of "The Thirsty Soul"—the nearest of the Oude Schild inns—he would assuredly have altered his opinion.

A much-becurtained house was "The Thirsty Soul;" trim and tidy, but not a door or window was there in it which had not been bent into a curve. It looked as though the whole fabric had become soft in the sun, and then been saved from dissolution by a sudden gust of cold. It might have been the crooked house of the crooked man with the crooked sixpence. The roof sagged, the front bulged, the sides curved; and yet the house stood squarely enough—a white-painted, green-lined gem of cleanliness, the very last place in the world from which the stranger would expect to hear the snatch of a sailor's drinking song.

And yet its front room was full of seamen, in the amplest of jerseys, the baggiest of breeches, and the biggest of boots; all of them intent on the business of the hour, to drink any given quantity in a given time, and roar forth in full power of lung, and yet melodiously, the popular song of the day.

Little comfort would it have given to the sorrowing relatives who had stood by the Weepers' Tower on the quay at Amsterdam, and bidden good-bye to the colonists, to have heard the uproarious jollity of those to whose steadiness they had entrusted their lives. But the unpromising state of things might have been much worse—that is, as far as appearances went. But as a matter of fact nothing could be worse than things really were. For Pelsart was to be the victim of a so-called “no monopoly” conspiracy, and the chief of the conspirators, who were to sail with him and mature their plans in his very presence when out at sea, was his second in command, the supercargo Jerome Cornelis, then taking his ease in the back room of “The Thirsty Soul.”

These men in the front room were but the catspaws, the tools to be eventually thrown aside by the cynical, unscrupulous, philosophic schemer, who would use them to help him to fortune and power. Cheerily enough they sang, and free enough from mischief were their thoughts, as in deep jovial baritone they rolled out the burden :

Come and take a drink, boys,  
Come and take a drink !  
Drink and take an old man's war-ar-ning !  
Your ship is outward bound  
Where no drink like this is found,  
And you'll have to try another in the mor-or-ning.

This is very old in wood,  
And it's mellow and it's good,  
With the ruddy bloom its cheery face ador-or-ning.  
You may never come ashore  
To try it any more,  
For you're off to the Indies in the mor-or-ning.

And the "Off to the Indies," *fortissimo*, made the room ring again.

"Yes" said the bushy-browed supercargo, taking a long whiff from his pipe, and stroking the wiry black beard cut short round his chin—"yes, off to the Indies in the morning—but they won't get there under Francis Pelsart!"

"Not they," said his companion, Heyndricks the steward—"not they; and they know it. But let them sing! Let the Company's agent listen; it'll do him good! Company, indeed! What business have they with so much money? It is a charity to all honest citizens to take some of it away from them!"

"They stole it from somebody, I suppose," said Cornelis.

"And we'll steal it from them!" announced Heyndricks.

"Well, not steal," said Cornelis; "we don't steal—we take. There's a difference between stealing and taking."

"Of course—of course," said the steward; "there's a difference. When you give a man physic from your

apothecary's shop in Haarlem, he takes it, he doesn't steal it, does he ? ”

“ Well, no,” answered the supercargo ; “ but——”

“ But ! What about ‘ but ’ ? ” interrupted the steward. “ The Company's got the proper sort of physic for us ; we won't steal it only, we'll steal it and take it. And it's the proper sort of physic, Jerome, better than what you sold. It's good for all men ; it doesn't cut them off when they are in the way. Does it ? ”

“ What do you mean, man ? ”

“ Mean ! I don't mean anything. But there are caps that may fit, eh ? Never mind, mynheer, I'm with you, and I'll never leave you. But don't you be too clever. My share's half yours, half what you get, you see ; and if that's right I'm the best friend you've got. There'll be two hundred and fifty folks aboard the *Batavia* all told. That's a lot to look after ! You'll want a friend or two. There's a preacher who will require some managing.

“ Preacher ! What preacher ? ”

“ Bastians of Alkmaar. He's gone aboard just now with his daughter.”

“ Exported as a failure or a spy ? Which ? ”

“ That's for you to discover. There are five French soldiers joined now. And they'll stand up for Pelsart to the last.”

"Well, we've got a nice little knot to begin with. The crew is well salted. There's Conrad—I chose him."

"Yes, you did. And so you did those fellows in the front room who are off to the Indies again—that's about the eighth time they've been off this afternoon—and there's Jan and his gang aboard. Say two dozen in all, that's your following; but it isn't enough—not nearly enough."

"No, not yet, but we'll soon make it more when we get to sea. And then hey for Dunkirk or Barbary, and a profitable cruise!"

"Ay! Hey for Barbary and a craft of our own! It is the counter-changeabout to old Hermansoon's."

"And what of him?"

"Why, not so long ago, when you were poisoning the good folks——"

"Now, Heyndricks, I will not have my professional——"

"Of course—of course; no offence meant. When you were an innocent apothecary we were off the Straits of Gibraltar in chase of corsairs. We had taken four, when old Hermansoon, who was then on the infidel side, ran up and coolly tried to walk away with one of our prizes. But the Christian slave who was steering ran his ship on to us, and jumped aboard with several



other slaves. Whereupon Hermansoon took the bull by the horns and followed them, and appealed to the Admiral to hand them back. 'Not I,' said the Admiral; 'why you ought to be ashamed of yourself sailing in such company. If you had any sense in you, you would join us!' 'And so I will!' said Hermansoon; and thereupon he changed sides and became a good Dutchman again."

"Sensible man! And shared in the money for the prizes already won, I suppose?"

"Just so; he helped to keep them you see!"

"Well, when we've got hold of the *Batavia* we'll help to keep her, and be good Dutchmen. No monopoly, say I."

"Of course—of course. No monopoly! Except in the *Batavia*!"

"Well, we must draw the line somewhere."

"Yes; draw it at that. What's theirs is ours; but what is ours is our own."

"That's what I say, Heyndricks. All men are equal—until you get out of the crowd. Everything ought to be in common—until we can get a bigger share than any one else for ourselves."

And as if to echo the sentiment there came from the front room a particularly vigorous burst of

Come and take a drink, boys,  
Come and take a drink!  
Drink, and take an old man's war-ar-ning!  
We're as good as one another,  
And every man's a brother—  
Until we go to quarters in the mor-or-ning!

"Bah! Let us be going. It's about time they stopped that noise now," said the supercargo, knocking the ashes out of his pipe; "you pay the score, Heyndricks."

And, leaving the bulky steward to follow as he liked, Cornelis went into the front room.

Lifting his hand at the end of a stanza of the never-ending "Off to the Indies," he procured a moment's silence.

"Now, my lads," said he, "all aboard's the word, and the sooner the better. Those who don't come now will be left behind, and lose the best chance they ever had of making a fortune."

As he went out on to the strand he saw one of the *Butavia's* boats come ashore, with one of the soldiers and a boy in a blue cloak as her only passengers.

"Where are you going to, Hays?" he asked the soldier.

"Captain's orders, sir; to the agency."

"Is the young gentleman a friend of the captain's?"

"Yes, sir—no, sir. He's a boy, sir. He's not a

gentleman, sir. Not yet, sir. He was a gentleman, sir. But he's a boy now, sir."

"Do you mean he's one of our boys?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then what is he doing here? He ought to go back to the ship."

"No, sir. Captain's orders, sir. He's with me on duty, sir."

"What duty?"

"Private and special, sir."

And, touching his broad-brimmed hat, the soldier moved on. The "private and special" duty being merely to get Derrik's outfit improved.

"That is the supercargo," said the soldier to Derrik, when they were out of earshot.

"What is his name?"

"Cornelis—Jerome Cornelis. He is better as a friend than an enemy. He used to be a sailor. Then he kept an apothecary's shop at Haarlem, and sold drugs—foreign drugs. He has not cured all who have come to him. Some have died. Men do say one died too soon. The shop is shut up. A friend of mine bought the crocodile that hung from the ceiling, and the Saracen's head, with the tongue hanging out, that was over the door. And the apothecary is now supercargo; and has business in the Indies. I heard

Koopman Vlack, of the *Assendelft*, tell our chief that he did not like apothecaries who retired from business to take to colonial trade, and that he wouldn't mind leaving Mynheer Cornelis behind without a bolus box."

"Is Mynheer Vlack a nice man?" asked Derrik.

"A nicer man than Mynheer Cornelis!"

## CHAPTER III.

### THE TWO EAST INDIA COMPANIES.

OF late hardly a year had gone by without the Dutch making some discovery on the western and north-western coasts of the largest island of the southern seas. A few months before Pieter Carpenter, the Admiral of the Dutch East India Company, had returned with the news of his discovery of the gulf that, in Carpentaria, still bears his name. Men had begun to suspect that the long talked-of southward continent of the Asiatic nations had at last been stumbled upon, and in the north of what we now call Australia the Dutch had resolved to found a colony. The fleet had been equipped and put under Pelsart's command, first to land the colonists in their new home, and then to go on to the Spice Islands for the usual profitable cargoes for which the usual silver was on board.

Five years before, in 1623, the English had been tortured and massacred at Amboyna ; and the following year their factories had all been withdrawn from the archipelago. The Dutch had thus the Indian seas

almost entirely to themselves. Their trade had taken just a generation to reach its flood-mark of prosperity. In 1595 there had come to a merchant of Amsterdam the strangest of messages from a slave at Algiers. Houtman, the first Dutchman to round the Cape of Good Hope, a man "as curious as laborious," had been for years in the Portuguese service when he was captured by a Barbary corsair. From the bagnio of Algiers he had sent a forlorn hope in the shape of a letter to a merchant of his native city. "Pay my ransom," said he, in this letter, which was months before it got to Holland, "and I will tell you all I know as to the commerce of the Indies, and the course the ships must keep." The merchant called his friends to council, and together they made up the ransom—the amount of which was kept a close secret—and Houtman came home to take command of four vessels, bound, by the Portuguese route, for the mysterious East. The voyage was a success; the profits were enormous; and every year the Dutch fleets increased, until they had a practical monopoly of the Indian trade.

The result was a general rise in prices, crippling to English commerce. Among other things up went the price of pepper, and, worthy as it may seem of a burlesque, it was the rise in pepper that immediately led

to the founding of England's Indian Empire. The English public would have pepper, and pepper they would have at a reasonable price ; and, as the London merchants could not from Dutch sources obtain pepper at a price to sell profitably, the City Fathers, taking Dr. Thorne's advice, met and formed a company to bring home their own pepper, with any other condiments and sundries that might be found handy in the neighbourhood.

It was in 1599 that the Company was formed. At the end of the next year the adventurers obtained from Queen Elizabeth a charter, under which they enjoyed certain privileges, and were formed into a corporation for fifteen years, with the title of "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London Trading to the East Indies." "The merchants of London," says the old author, "in the yeare of our Lorde 1600 ioyned together and made a stocke of seventie-two thousand pounds, to bee employed in ships and merchantdizes, for the discovery of a trade in the East India, to bring into this realme spices and other commodities." Of the seventy-two thousand pounds, forty-five thousand were spent on the ships, and the balance on cargo, in charge of a score of merchants, who were to open the trade and establish factories. The Lord Treasurer suggested that the command should be given to Sir

Edward Michelborne, a very undesirable specimen of the ancient mariner, "but the merchants did not want to go beyond themselves," and their chairman, Sir Thomas Smith, of North-West Passage fame, offered the post to James Lancaster.

Lancaster was a Hampshire man, born at Basingstoke, who, after much experience of the sea, had settled at Lisbon as a merchant, where he earnt much and learnt more. In 1591 he set out from England on his Oriental voyage, and, going back on the track of Drake and Cavendish, secured the distinction of being the first Englishman to round the Cape of Good Hope on the way to India. His ship was the *Edward Bonaventure*, and she started with two consorts. The "skurvie," however, broke out, and one of the vessels was sent home, loaded with sick, while the other was lost with all hands off Cape Corrientes. The voyage was a perilous one; the weather was so tempestuous that the men could not keep dry for three hours together. After leaving South Africa, where Lancaster found, amongst other curiosities, "great store of overgrown monkies," he, on the 18th of September, ran into a storm. Its fury was appalling.

"There came a clap of thunder," he says, "which slew foure of our men outright, their necks being wrung in sonder without speaking any word, and of



94 men there was not one untouched, whereof some were stricken blind, others were bruised in their legs and arms, others in their breasts, others were drawn out at length as though they had been racked. But (God be thanked) they all recovered, saving onely the foure which were slaine outright. Also with the same thunder our maine maste was torn very grievously from the head to the decke, and some of the spikes that were ten inches into the timber were melted with the extreme heate thereof."

He made his way northwards, however, sailed to the south of Ceylon, reached Pulo Penang, stayed there till the winter was over, and then returned, to be wrecked and drift home to Falmouth, after adventures enough to take a reader's breath away. Soon he was off again pirating to Pernambuco, and on his return from thence, a famous and a wealthy man, he was offered the command of the first fleet of the East India Company, and made the voyage which has immortalized him.

The result of that voyage was to put the Dutch on their mettle, and on the 20th of March 1602 there was formed the Dutch East India Company, which for years threatened to elbow the English from the sea. Amsterdam subscribed among its citizens 3,674,915 florins, and claimed half profits on every venture.

Zeeland subscribed 1,333,882 florins, and took a quarter; while Delft, Rotterdam, Hoorn, and Enkhuizen had each to be satisfied with a sixteenth, although their shares were strangely unequal. At first the profits were enormous; now the dividends were falling, and it was hoped that the new enterprise of Pelsart's would open up fresh means of money-making, and, with a new colony, add to the growing power of the sturdy nation who, unlike Canute, have put a limit to the waves, and whose cities are founded on sand and yet survive.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE LITTLE WORLD.

AT daybreak on Tuesday, the 28th of October 1628, a gun from the *Batavia* gave the signal to weigh, and soon the anchors were moving upwards from their sandy bed.

Great was the bustle—all in the good old style. No steam-windlasses then; no hydraulic. All hands—men, boys, soldiers, sailors, colonists—tramping round and round, with the fiddler in the centre standing on the capstan head, fiddling furiously, and striving in vain to keep time to the hurrying feet—

Up with her! Run with her!

Heave and get done with her!

In with her! Spin with her!

Round and round.

And all together we'll in with the tether

That holds us down to the motherly ground—

the capstan bars, like spokes in the wheel of existence, ever-moving lines of endeavour driven onward by the pushing and enterprising, so that all within their reach must needs go forward. No standing still in that

living eddy. Forward is the word, or out you go! And yet, with all the running, advance there seems to be none—round and round, mere toiling in a mill, the result as the work goes on seen but of a few, though clear enough to all when the struggle is over.

Soon the sails are dropped from the yards—enormous areas of canvas long since cut up into more workable sizes. Main-course, fore-course, main-topsail, fore-top-sail—that is all the sail carried by the *Batavia* on her two tall masts. The mizen-mast, vane and all, is a mere jigger, not up to the level of the main top, and it carries a real cross-jack—the lateen sail, from which the present square sail on the mizen takes its name. And on the end of the bowsprit a small mast rises perpendicularly, with a yard beneath and a sprit sail dependent from it and worked from the bow ports—for jibs and stay-sails there were none until the days of Queen Anne. A double row of ports, with the little guns peeping out; a stern so high that it was half the length of the water line above water, and windowed and galleried like a doll's house; bluff bows, and exaggerated projecting cutwater—that was the hull. Add tar for the main mass, and white paint and green edgings and much brass work, and fly big flags wherever you can, and you have the crack East Indiaman of her day.

There was no going out through the Mars Diep in 1628. It was not until 1665 that De Witt proved the practicability of the Helder passage—the Hell Door entrance from which the New York rock took its name—and Pelsart had to take his vessels round the north-eastern end of the then separate island of Eierland. It was slow work, beating out of the Zuyder Zee against the brisk norther, and the ships were soon scattered, and as a fleet were unrecognizable. But there was a halt and a mustering just outside the straits, and a flight of a cloud of a myriad of seabirds as the outward-bound eleven formed up into two lines, and with the quartering wind went rolling Channel-wards.

A ship at sea has often been likened to a little world. Nowhere are the greatness and littleness of poor humanity more apparent; nowhere are more clearly shown the heights to which the race may rise and the depths from which it has come. Contact heightens contrast and magnifies distinction, and the hopes and fears, the strivings and jealousies, the good and evil of the innumerable shades of temperament and character that go to make up a nation, are here brought into view as if in the field of a microscope.

And this simile of the little world held more than usually true of the *Batavia*. In those days the polish

was less perfect than now. The pyramids of idiosyncrasy had not lost so much of their apices, and the passengers and crew of the Indiaman were of that rugged class in which both the diamonds and the dross are in the rough.

First consider the colonists, some hundred and fifty in number. The bulk of them were men who had failed at home and would probably fail abroad. Some of them were avowedly leaving their country for their country's good ; all of them were leaving it hoping for their own good. The respectable majority of the day had few representatives. The men who differ little from their fellow men, and by doing as others do manage to succeed, are not of the sort that leave their homes to risk a failure. In the state of life to which they are called they are content, and, having no hopes of humanity's possibilities, very pardonably consider that they have reached its highest power, and that the millennium is at hand. Fearing failure if they left their groove, and assuming that they are the true measure of a man, they have but little sympathy with the restless and the gifted.

There are two minorities in this world: the one that is ahead, and the one that is left behind on the onward march. The one in the van is the life of the race, its thinkers and pioneers, over whose failures the

majority gloat, and on whose successes the majority fasten as soon as they find it will pay. The other is the rubbish of the race, pressed out and cast off for the undue development of some weakness or tendency which our civilization has found it needful to discourage. Filth, laziness, falsehood, theft, cowardice, treachery, stupidity, and constant ill-luck have all been tried in their turn, and found to be prejudicial to our progress. They are vices, "things to be shunned;" the men over-burdened with them have to pay the penalty; and the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, for the children are the heirs of their habits and fortune. Between the minorities is the great majority who have the privilege of success, and pay for their scorn of the pioneers by being the scoff of the next generation.

Among the passengers of the *Batavia* the minority that leads was not strongly represented. A few men there were of enterprise and foresight, like other men but in some one point, and in that one point their fellows calling them mad. Crowded out from the old country, they were seeking in the new a better field for their gifts.

Of the minority that tails off there were many. The dissolute and unscrupulous were in strong force; hawks there were in flight to prey on the pigeons in

another clime, and pigeons there were for colonial hawks to pluck; for in that day, as in this, not a few colonial fortunes were made from the plunder of the ingenuous newcomer.

A wild lot were the lawless ones. Strong in passion, impatient of control, enduring in hate, foul in speech, and base in thought and judging by their own baseness that all other men were as mean. Some there were let out of gaol on condition that they never returned to the Netherlands; others there were even worse, who had escaped the gaol, but more richly deserved to go there, and to die there. And there were others not lawless, but mere law-abiding, regulating their conduct not by justice but by the law, knowing its loopholes in amazing detail, straining it constantly to its extremest limit, and living always on a knife edge, which, once their legal knowledge failed, would throw them over into crime.

Pelsart knew pretty well with whom he had to deal, and, with his crew and soldiers, was quite in a position to cope with them. But he did not know that some of his trusted guard, who were to take the duties of the modern marines, were simply pirates in disguise, that his crew had been tampered with, and that the man whom the Company had sent him as supercargo owed his position to the influence of a partner in crime,



and had joined the *Batavia* with his confederates simply to steal her, heedless of what it might cost in slaughter. From the first moment he set eyes on him Pelsart had not liked the man; and had resolved to put no more trust in him than he could help. But the position in which he was placed almost gave the ship into the supercargo's hands.

Titularly Pelsart was not "captain" or "commodore;" he was "koopman" or "merchant;" just as Vlack was koopman of the *Assendelft*, and Swanswick was koopman of the *Dordrecht*, that being the title then borne by all the commanders of the Dutch East India Company's ships. Cornelis was "onder koopman" or "under merchant," and De Scanis was of the same rank; but as Cornelis had charge of the cargo he was, in the English phrase of the day, "supercargo," as we have called him. In these days the duties of supercargo are filled by the first officer, so that the ex-apothecary was really first mate. De Scanis, then, was second mate; Gerrits, third mate.

The most noticeable passenger was the preacher, or minister, Gysbert Bastians, that is Gysbert, the son of Bastian—Dutch surnames being in those days still in course of formation. Bastians was a widower, and was taking with him to the new country his daughter, Judith, and her maid, Margaret. As beseemed his

vocation he was a man of peace ; and at first sight would seem to have been the very last man to sail on such a quest. That he belonged to one of the minorities was evident, but to which his friends did not find it easy to say ; and, indeed, in no case is it easy to say. With the majority there is but one minority—those hopelessly out of the race, and only fit to be left behind as imbeciles, rascals, or maniacs. And Bastians, being incomprehensible by the vulgar, had met with the customary fate. He was a “character,” an “unseasonable priest,” as the burgomaster had called him, because of his extraordinary gift of telling in all innocence the most unwelcome truths. That he was good in thought and pure in life every one admitted, but beyond that no one would go. Although a “preacher,” preach he really could not ; and as it was a preaching age this of itself was enough to settle his ministerial career. Then he was so meek and shy, and lamb-like, and, if the truth must be told, so timid and nervous, that no congregation would bear with him ; and as into society he would never go if he could avoid it, most of his time was spent in his study, where he devoted himself to reading and re-reading the very few books that cheered his poverty. When he embarked on the *Batavia*, his loss was not deplored by any large section of his countrymen, nor was his welcome on the ship

distinguished for its warmth. To all, Bastians was very much of a poor creature; and to all his coming was a matter of indifference. To all except one we should have said. That one was Cornelis. He alone was disturbed in mind. The preacher was so extraordinarily simple, that the master villain suspected him.

"I can't make that fellow out," said he to his crony the steward, as Bastians staggered forward along the main deck.

"He is a poor simpleton," said Heyndricks.

"I'm not so sure of that," said Cornelis. "Here's a funny thing. He has never been to sea before, has he?"

"Not that I know of."

"No, nor I. Well, why isn't he sick like all the rest?"

"Perhaps he hasn't sense enough."

"I don't know that. I think he is a deep one."

"So you have said ever since you knew him. But you give him credit for more than he's got. He's a good-hearted fellow."

"Too good to be true."

And Bastians, the most innocent-minded man in the ship, was the terror of the greatest scoundrel who could only imagine that such innocence must be a

cloak. For hours and hours did Cornelis puzzle over what there might be in this mysterious "predicant;" and all in vain, for in truth there was nothing except freedom from guile.

The minister's daughter took mostly after her mother, who had married Bastians of her own choice, and been to him a devoted wife, doing more of her share of fighting with the world than falls to the lot of most women. Judith, the daughter, was now sixteen, a tall, well-favoured Dutch girl, perfect in all domestic duties as then practised in Holland—and that is saying much. She had been brought up with more than usual care by her mother, who would have been horrified at the thought of taking a girl to sea in such company as that on the *Batavia*.

The preacher and his daughter were berthed in the cabin, as were also three of the passengers of somewhat better class and fortune than the rest, and who proved to be the best of friends that could have been thrown in Bastians' way. There were two other passengers, a certain Baldwin van der Milen and his wife Lucretia, who were of a rougher class, and, as appeared later on, had been brought on board by the supercargo

To the society in the cabin little exception could be taken. Cornelis kept his true character hidden under due varnish of courtesy. Pelsart was a gentleman in

every sense, and as able an officer as was then afloat. De Scanis, his deputy in the watch, though of weak character was a good seaman, but had little of the tarpaulin in him. Claes, who as third officer was in the supercargo's watch, was a genuine North Sea sailor, with whom, strange to say, Bastians at once struck up a friendship—the first time he had found it in him to make a friend since his university days.

Heyndricks, the steward, we know; his chief help was Abraham, the negro boy, a happy-go-lucky, good-humoured slave lad, who had been brought home from Sierra Leone and found an easy slavery on board ship just suited to his taste. With the blackest of black faces, he invariably looked on the brightest side, and his exuberant good spirits were quite the feature of the daily life. Derrik had been put on as captain's boy, and was on the right road for promotion "under the master's eye." All he had to do was to obey orders and behave himself. Pelsart had told him—

"Don't let me ask for a thing twice. Don't forget anything you are told. Never think your work is done. Don't think any work beneath you. And never say Can't!"

Those were the five points of Koopman Pelsart's charter.

## CHAPTER V.

### EAVES-DROPPING.

VERY different was the appearance of the Channel then to what it is now. As the fleet entered the Straits of Dover, the ships and small craft it sighted were few indeed. One little vessel did the *Batavia* pass close enough to learn her name. She was the old *Speedwell*, the rickety craft which eight years before had set sail from Delft Haven with Myles Standish and his fellow-passengers, who at Southampton transhipped into the *Mayflower* and crossed the Atlantic to found New England. The morning after this relic of the Puritan Fathers had been spoken, another outward-bounder was overhauled. She proved to be the *Charity*, with passengers and provisions for the new colony of Massachusetts, founded in this very year. In the evening another Atlantic liner of the period was come up with, the *Leijden*, bound to New Amsterdam, which was then in the fourth year of its life. The *Leijden* differed as much from her development the crack

Cunarder as New Amsterdam differed from its development the city of New York.

Pelsart's fleet had the Channel almost to itself. The English navy was in the state that pleases best a retrenching people. Strong on paper and weak on water, it consisted of a collection of curiosities accumulated from the experimenting past, and remarkable not so much for their fighting efficiency as for the facilities they afforded for bookkeeping by multiform entry. They were conspicuous round the dockyards, and in the dockyards, in different stages of disrepair.

It was the year of the Petition of Right, when Charles the First had begun to fight his people and Thomas Wentworth was not yet Earl of Strafford; when England's influence among the nations was at its nadir, from which it was to rise to its zenith under the ablest man that ever guided its destinies, Oliver, the great Protector. Robert Blake, who was to recover for his countrymen the kingship of the seas, was then peacefully farming at Bridgewater, and ploughing, not the blue waves of the ocean, but the variegated furrows of the Keuper marls.

The first Sunday came—a bright breezy day, with blue sky and leisurely clouds, and steadily rolling sea. In accordance with custom, service was held—of the simple Protestant form, made simpler by the surround-

ings. Bastians himself was unaffected by his new experience of unstable equilibrium, but very different was it with his companions. His congregation consisted entirely of the sailors, and he did not trust himself to speak anything to them from memory.

Life on shipboard then was not so much a passage with the hope of a better life, as a purgatory in which it was needful to stay until the endurance of penance had become second nature. The short, beamy vessels had all the liveliness of a fishing lugger on a large scale, and the 'tween-decks in the first week of a voyage was a veritable chamber of horrors. But the miseries of the poor emigrants are conceivable. Consider what they would be even to-day, and multiply a hundred-fold. The first Sunday is no day of rest to those who are making their first experience of the playful Channel.

Boy Derrik was quite at his ease, and enjoying himself mightily. He had had such a seasoning in the lugger, that the more dignified instability of the *Batavia* was to him most welcome. Being a willing, intelligent lad, with no fear to speak of, and having in this early period of his work an eagerness to oblige that would probably not increase with experience, he had a fairly easy time of it. When the captain did speak to him, which was not often, he spoke kindly and clearly; there was no mistake as to the meaning



of the orders he gave, or as to his intention of having them obeyed; but he had a pleasant way of ordering that ensured respect as well as obedience.

As Pelsart was strictly just and invariably punished according to a fixed scale, he was very popular with the crew, who, like all crews, took much credit to themselves for knowing beforehand what each breach of discipline would cost them, being thereby like their ancestors, with whom every crime had its price. This popularity was not at all to the taste of Cornelis and his gang, who found it an awkward obstacle to their plans. In theory the success of a mutiny was certain, but in practice things advanced so slowly that chance of an outbreak near home there was none. And the plotters had to proceed with their scheme with much more circumspection than they had bargained for.

The original idea had been to seize the ship by surprise, secure the prisoners below, and take her into Dunkirk, then a notorious haunt of pirates. But, owing to the way in which Pelsart had chosen the watches and arranged the roster of sentry duties, this had been obviously impossible. At no time would there have been enough of the conspirators together for a bold stroke to succeed. And so Dunkirk had to be abandoned for the alternative of the Barbary coast. By the time the ship was off the

Western Islands sufficient recruits might be gained to render victory certain.

But it was not an easy thing to keep a plot like this dark with so many in it; although Cornelis had bound all his friends to secrecy, yet every day rendered the chance of detection more likely. A word spoken unawares, a hint overheard, even a look, might give a clue; and in those days men stood not on legal technicalities.

Pelsart's Artykelbriefs left him a wide margin for dealing with mutineers. If any man did aught that might endanger the ship or her cargo, the captain had full powers to hang him. It is true that the captain might be called on for an explanation when he returned to port, but as Conrad, the supercargo's right-hand man, very judiciously remarked when the subject was mooted:

"After we are hanged, it will be no comfort to know that the skipper has a chance of being dismissed his ship. That is no satisfaction."

And Jacob, his particular friend, was not backward in formulating the corollary:

"Let us make sure of the skipper first."

This conversation took place on the Sunday evening, about half-past eight o'clock. Conrad and Jacob—their names in full were Conrad van Huyssen and Jacob

Pieters Cosijn, but they were always called by their baptismal names—were in conversation with another of the leading conspirators, David Zeevanck, an old, battered, weather-beaten scoundrel, who had served in every sea, and always with advantage to his commander for the time being. Never was there a more energetic follower than Zeevanck as long as the fit was on him. He would fight for his leader to the end—the end being when he found it convenient to change sides—and serve as energetically under his officer's greatest enemy. For weeks he would toil like a hero for the man he intended to sell, and when he had sold him he would attack him as vigorously as he had previously helped him. Zeevanck's object in life was to work hard and make money by any means, in order that with the money he might get such low pleasure as he enjoyed. When his enjoyment was over, he would again have a turn at work, lost to all idea of honour or justice in contemplation of his persistent industry. The race of Zeevancks is not extinct. How often do we find a man who considers that, as long as he works hard, all sin and crime should be forgiven him? Are there not even orators who have taken as their text, "So long as a man works hard he can do no wrong!"

Zeevanck was a man much sought after amongst the crew. He it was we heard singing, "Off to the

Indies," at the inn, and his repertory was inexhaustible. While his companions were exchanging confidences over the rail, he was loudly humming a favourite ditty of the period that often came in handy at the pumps, and now served the double purpose of declaring his own light-heartedness and masking the conversation, so that no eaves-dropper could make head or tail of it.

It was well for him that he did so. Unknown to the three cronies, young Derrik had half an hour before sat himself down in the shadow close by, and, in thinking over his life at La Rochelle and his hopes of the future, had gone fast asleep. Not a word of the talk did he hear for some time. But gradually his sleep left him, and his dream was disturbed by the sounds around. On the distant shores of New Holland he heard Zeevanck's voice mingling with the sound of the surf, as if the song came from some gruff angel of welcome. But the sentiment was scarcely angelic :

With a hey, ding, dong,  
For a fling we are willing ;  
With a hey, ding, dong,  
Let the song-singer sing ;  
With a hey, ding, dong,  
Set the pannikin a-filling ;  
With a hey, ding, dong,  
Let the bell-ringer ring.

And so on, with hey-ding-dongs *ad libitum*.

In a minute or two, which seemed an hour, Derrik was wide awake, and every now and then among the hey-ding-dongs he could hear voices whispering, and when the song paused for an instant, he could hear Zeevanck joining in the secret conversation.

"And that is not easy," said Zeevanck.

"No," said a voice that Derrik after a time recognized as Conrad's; "no, but Jerome will manage it. He told——"

But here the song rendered the talk inaudible. As the stanza ceased, Derrik heard Jacob say :

"He should have risked it before. I am sure we could have done it."

"No," said Conrad; "there has not been a chance."

"Couldn't he do some good with physic?" asked Jacob.

"What! as if he were in Haarlem!"

And here Zeevanck's ditty jingled in with its hey-ding-dong, that seemed to be fitted with quite an interminable series of present participles.

"Physic!" thought Derrik. "Haarlem! Who is that? the supercargo?"

"It's a pity there are any women on board," said Jacob, after the song had died down again.

"The fair Lucretia!" said Zeevanck.

"She's a friend of ours," said Conrad.

"What!" exclaimed Jacob.

"A friend! and so you'll find."

What followed did not reach Derrik, thanks to the ding-dongs.

"And the preacher's daughter?" asked Zeevanck.

"Hush! here he is!" said Conrad.

And Bastians came lounging towards them.

"With a hey-ding-dong!" sang Zeevanck.

"You are merry to-night!" said the preacher, thinking he was called upon to say something as he turned.

"We are always merry when we've been to prayers," said Conrad.

"You should go there oftener, then," said Bastians hurrying off as if alarmed at his audacity.

Jacob and Zeevanck laughed as they separated.

"That's a good text for you," said Jacob; "it could be cut up into twenty-fourthly if you like, and fit in anywhere."

Derrik sat and waited till all was quiet, and then lounged along aft. For a time he tried to fill in what he had overheard by imagining the missing links of conversation. But he was on the wrong tack entirely, and, failing to make sense of what he remembered, he began to think of something else, and dismissed it

from his mind until later on that night he met with Hays, the soldier who had taken him ashore for his clothes.

"Having a mouthful of fresh air?" asked Hays as he was passing.

"Yes," said Derrik, pulling up; "but I was here an hour ago."

"Any news going?"

"Well, not much. But from what I heard just now there is some talk of physic and Haarlem doing something."

"Doing what?"

"That I don't know. Conrad and Zeevanck and Jacob were having a quiet chat over something of the sort, but Zeevanck kept that jingling hey-ding-dong going so long, that I couldn't make out what they meant."

"You had better leave that lot alone, I fancy."

"Oh! they didn't know I was there."

"Then you've been eaves-dropping!"

"Well, I couldn't help it."

"And no good will come of it! But let's hear what they said."

"Is not the receiver as bad as the thief?"

"Yes; but no worse; and I'll chance being no worse than you."

And the two proceeded "to put two and two together," with the result that just enough could be made out to make them keep their eyes open, and say nothing.



## CHAPTER VI.

### RECRUITING.

AND now the fleet was well on its way, and slowly labouring on the long passage, which took those solid old ships as many months as it now does weeks. To us in these days of steel and steam, it seems incredible that three parts of a year should pass on a voyage to Northern Australia. But men had then more time for leisure ; and navigation, the most difficult of the arts, was, until recently, slow of development.

The supercargo's conspiracy hung fire. The voyage had not as yet become tedious enough for the idle to jump at anything that promised excitement. Cornelis and his emissaries found the crew and the passengers hopelessly dull at taking a hint. All was prospering ; and it is not in prosperity that men fall to the tempter.

Thanks to the welcome winds the fleet held on, and the pin-pricks on the cumbrous chart straggled in close order down the Atlantic. Sailing in convoy is

slow work. The rate of advance is that of the slowest; and progress is broken by the waitings for the hindmost to close. Whatever can happen, will happen; it is astonishing how many mishaps, even in fair weather, may overtake a vessel. How small an obstacle will stop an army! How small a mishap will stop a fleet! Even the careless belaying of a rope may mean a day's delay.

It is not our business to retail a mere copy of the log. We need not even notice the ports put in at. Let the monotonous round be imagined, broken only by the stoppages for water and provisions. Twice only were vessels sighted; and then the drums beat to quarters, and everything was made ready for a foe. For in those days every stranger on the sea might be an enemy. But in each case the sail passed away in the distance, the fine old policy of mutual avoidance which has done so much for man's misunderstanding of man being then in high fashion.

Day after day went by, each differing from the last merely in some detail of weather or sea. A shoal of porpoises would be the excitement of one day; a whale, more or less imaginary, of another; a few flying fish, of another. Once the *Batavia* did meet with an experience out of the common. At noon there was a shock to the ship as if a shot had struck her, and the

water through which she passed was changed to the colour of blood. A swordfish had charged, and the sword, as was afterwards discovered, had gone through three stout planks, grazed one of the ribs, and protruded half a foot into the hold. But this was not known at the time; and the waves of blood were looked upon as a portent. What could it mean?

Lucretia was looking over the taffrail and saw the first red wave go by.

"Predicant!" she exclaimed. "Look! What is that?"

"I am a stranger here," answered the minister; "ask Mynheer Cornelis."

Cornelis, attracted by the remark—and by Lucretia—came and looked over the side.

"It is nothing," said he.

"But it is blood!" said Bastians with a shudder.

"It looks like it, but it is nothing."

"Do you always sail through blood?" asked Bastians innocently.

"What?" asked the supercargo.

"Is there blood in the sea in these parts?"

"Oh, lots!" said Cornelis with a sneer; "it's made of it!"

"How great are the wonders of the ocean!" said

Bastians, accepting the supercargo's remark as in some unknown way metaphorical.

"There's no need for you to fear, Lucretia," said Cornelis. "It may be some monstrous fish has died in fight; or perhaps a man has fallen a prey!"

"Then why not see?" replied the lady.

"If you wish it, I will," said Cornelis, going forward.

But inquiry showed that no one was missing.

That night the stain in the water formed the only topic of conversation. Among the seamen it was held to be sent as a warning.

"It means mischief," said the older men; and their opinion had its effect on the passengers.

"It's a warning to you," said the steward to Cornelis. "You must give up the Barbary tack and try for Madagascar."

"What next?"

"Well, you ought to know by this time," said the steward. "How are you getting on? You should soon be ready."

"That you will know when the time comes; we have almost enough now."

"Among the passengers?"

"Yes."

"I thought they were going to the colony."

"They are going to make money, and what does it matter where?"

"Tchugh! so long as they make it quickly, eh? You have promised them a share?"

"Oh, yes! All equal shares!" said Cornelis, grinning pleasantly; "all equal!"

"Nice lads, some of them, to live like lambs together! But the crew don't come over, do they?"

"No, Zeevanck can make nothing of those we didn't ship ourselves; they have got it into their heads that Pelsart never makes a mistake."

"That's it, you see! If you only had his reputation, you would do."

"Rubbish!" And Cornelis turned on his heel, to walk the deck again.

The wearisome confinement was telling its tale. The conspiracy was now prospering—but slowly. The Frenchmen were too loyal to be tampered with, and not a word was spoken in their hearing that might give a hint as to what was astir. For Pelsart would have been informed of it at once by this trusty guard; and all that could be done with the guard was to mark it out for destruction first of all. With the majority of the crew matters were the same. The detachment we found in the Oude Schild inn and their friends, so far from

succeeding in winning over their comrades, had had to confine themselves to the vaguest hints. To their advances there was no encouragement. The men had sailed with Pelsart before, and were devoted to him. To them the faintest of boundary lines existed between trade, piracy, and war; and they would have taken to whichever their commander chose, and were not at all particular—so long as Pelsart led them. But to change Pelsart for Cornelis was quite another thing. The tide was thus too strong for the supercargo, and the word was passed to leave the crew alone, and try the passengers.

Heylwerck, a swaggering German from Basel, was the first to be won over. He received with enthusiasm the supercargo's remarks as to the iniquity of a company monopolizing the Indian trade.

"The trade should be free to all men."

Agreed. That was the first step.

"Those who monopolize a trade should be punished."

Agreed. That was the second step.

"Why should we not punish them, if we can make money by doing so?"

Agreed. That was the third step.

And then Heylwerck learnt how the punishment could be most easily and profitably administered by capturing the *Batavia*, and using her to prey on the

convoy, and other convoys, and—for the advance was imperceptibly gradual—on ships that were not in convoy, on English ships, on ships that belonged to Papists, on ships that belonged to Infidels, on ships that belonged neither to Papists nor Infidels, and finally on ships of all sorts—for what, after all, did it matter?

“War,” said the German, “is not as cruel as trade.”

“Of course not,” replied Cornelis. “No man can rise without crushing down his fellow. No man makes money without another losing it. What I say is that these men’s gain is our loss. We are as strong as they are; let us make them give back what they have cheated us out of. We will not be hard on them. We will share equally with all——”

“Ya!” said the German, “with all that survive!”

“Heylwerck, give me your hand. You are a man of sense!”

“So!” said the German, “and I have a few friends of sense.”

And the friends were brought into the plot, and others joined them, every man with a grievance won over by harping on that grievance, some won on one tack, some on another, and some by a change of tack right in the middle as was “Gentleman” John Jacob Heylwerck van Basel.

Cornelis could chop logic with any man, chop it

until as logic it was unrecognizable. He could be all things to all men, and catch every man in his humour if he got but half a chance. But some men gave him no chance. They shunned him instinctively. Emotion is but the inherited teaching of experience. And from emotion's outer guard—instinctive aversion—the scoundrel, like others of his kind, received his repulse.

Pelsart, as we have seen, suspected him, and in a quiet way was keeping careful watch over his proceedings, though taking no one into his confidence. It is difficult at first to understand why he delayed to strike. But it must be remembered that his object was to land the colony safely on the shores of New Holland, and that the more people he landed in safety the greater would be his reward. To provoke a conflict was not a money-making policy, and Pelsart was enough of a Dutchman to keep his eye on the main chance. By watching and waiting he might tide over the disaffection, which he supposed had sprung up during the voyage. Had he known that the scheme had been planned before he left Amsterdam he would not have been so self-confident.

The fleet was clear of the Cape of Good Hope, on the long easterly stretch required by the sailing instructions, before the supercargo considered he was



strong enough to strike. Often had the *Batavia* outsailed her consorts in the night and waited for them in the morning. In running her easting she was likely to leave the fleet more frequently, and it might happen that she could be seized at night, or in the morning, before they were in sight. Cornelis was a born organizer, like Pelsart, and carefully elaborated his plans, knowing exactly what each man was to do, and trusting to each man the work for which he was most fit. Give him ten minutes, during which things went on as usual, and the *Batavia* would change captains.

But he hesitated; though every day the conspiracy lasted increased the chance of its discovery. With forty men in the plot the danger of an incautious word was considerable. He must act.

But the fleet hung together, and the weather was beautiful. Neither by day nor night was there a chance of invisibility. If the ship was to be taken, it would have to be in full view of her consorts. In vain Cornelis longed for a cloudy sky, a less brilliant moon, or a breeze that would make the *Batavia* show her paces. But on she rolled, in a business-like way, with everything above and beneath, though not within her, favouring her enterprise.

"The men are saying this is the koopman's luck,"

said Derrik, as he and Abraham sat side by side on the rail, looking out over the moonlit sea.

"Yes," said the negro, in very broken Dutch, "yes, the koopman's luck is good, but give me the luck of the Englishman."

"What luck is that? I haven't seen much of it."

"Maybe not. But the luck of the Englishman is to win in the end; and you have not seen the end."

"What do you know about it?"

"What I have been told. I like not the English. They do all that is stupid, everything to make things uneasy for themselves, and yet they win."

"They did not win at La Rochelle."

"Maybe that is not over yet. They did win over the King of Spain when they helped the Dutch, didn't they?"

"I suppose that was luck."

"It was—great luck! The King of Spain had great ships, ships in hundreds, men in thousands, guns, everything. The English had not so many ships, and no powder, no food, no anything. The Spaniards started splendid to see—all in good order, all ready. If it had been weather as usual, they would have blown the English out of the water. It had been all over for England, then. But you see the luck of the thing.

There was a big storm came on just when it was wanted by the Englishmen, and their little ships kicked about and came to no hurt, and the heavily laden Spaniards went down by the dozen. That's Englishman's luck."

"That is what people call Providence."

"Yes," said Abraham, "luck is Providence when it is not against you. Better have Providence than luck, may be."

Than which there is no gainsaying. But it is curious to find that Abraham's superstitious belief has not yet died out among his adopted countrymen. The English to them still seem a favoured nation.

"When the English wanted a storm to save the country in the Armada time, the storm came; and at every attempted invasion since a storm has come to help them. At Trafalgar, when a calm was wanted to give the patched old ships a chance, the calm came, and so gentle was the breeze that the fleet had actually to go into action under studding-sails. And how unexpectedly the English have been favoured by fortune in Indian affairs! See how the Dutch and French have been elbowed aside to make room for them! When has the luck of the Englishman been more manifest than in the Mutiny, when the China War had brought the troops into the Indian seas, ready to be

ordered to Calcutta instead of Hong Kong? The Sepoy knew nothing of this China expedition. So many troops there are in India; so much time must it take to get others here; but who are these coming as if from the sea—have they come through the earth? It is Englishman's luck!" say the Dutch.

"Well, luck or no luck," continued Derrik; "better have a fair passage than a foul one."

"It depends on how it ends," persisted Abraham; "I think something is wrong in this ship. There is talkee-talkee going on. And Mynheer Heyndricks, he is fat, and he drinks schnapps, and he snores, and he grunts in his sleep, and he talks in mutters. 'Hmnaho!' he goes, 'Hmnaho! no kill boy! no shoot! Jerome apothecary! Hmnaho! shoot you, Jerome! Hmnaho!' What does that mean?"

"Does he always say the same thing?"

"No; but always 'shoot!' and 'apothecary,' and sometimes 'Lucretia,' and once I heard him 'No monopoly! All monopoly! Koopman Cornelis!' and I know not what."

"Did you tell any one of this?"

"Last night Mynheer Pelsart was passing, and heard the 'Hmnaho!' 'What is that?' he asked me. 'It is the steward's hymn,' I say. 'Hmnaho!' sings Mynheer Heyndricks. The koopman was stretching out his

hand to wake him, when, 'Shoot you, Jerome,' grunts the steward. Then our chief waits, and the steward gives another grunt, and 'All sworn!' he says. 'Apothecary, captain! Shoot him! Off! Hmnaho! Indies! Hmnaho! in the morning!' and Mynheer Pelsart said, 'It is nothing,' and walked away."

"The steward is ill, perhaps," said Derrik; "the apothecary will have to physic him."

"Maybe," said Abraham.

As the negro came aft he met the supercargo.

"What have you been doing?"

"Nothing, sir."

"I'll see you have something to do to-morrow."

## CHAPTER VII.

### KOOPMAN'S LUCK.

TO-MORROW !

Thursday, 21st of May 1629. That was to be the day that Pelsart was to meet with his doom.

"It is a mutiny," said Heylwerck, when Cornelis warned him in the morning that in the evening he was to be ready.

"Call it an uprising," said Cornelis.

The day had broken glorious to look upon. The sun had risen in splendour. The favouring wind held true. For a week no sail had had to be altered on the ship. Except an occasional tautening of the braces not a rope had had to be touched.

Koopman's luck !

The fleet was all in sight. Scattered at wide intervals over the waves the eleven sail could be counted. The *Dordrecht* was leading ; the *Assendelft*, under that grim sea dog, Vlack, brought up the rear. A man of no nonsense was Vlack. Had he known half what

Pelsart did, the ex-apothecary would have gone overboard long ago, and without his "bolus-box."

A little before noon Pelsart made his appearance on deck, and, with De Scanis, set about finding his whereabouts. Fifty-five years before, the first book on navigation, written by an Englishman, had been given to the world. This was "The Regiment of the Sea," written by William Bourne. In it occurred the first description of the log and line, and the principle for using them in estimating the speed at which a ship was travelling. Bourne's book ran through many editions, and became in its day quite famous among seafarers of all nations. And the log and line became adopted on every sea—of course, without any profit to its inventor. And why, it may be asked, should an inventor have profit? Surely the profit should go to the unknown source from which he derived his inspiration? He had an open mind for a hint, just as those who prospered at his expense had an open mind for what might be of use to them. What is a trade—a "new industry," of which we are so proud—but the theft of an idea and the sharing of the plunder among many receivers?

The Dutch, then, had adopted the log-ship and line; and the log was thrown and the glass used in the same way as to-day by the ancient mariner, or rather

owner, to whom patent logs and fish-tails are an aversion.

The vessel's rate having been obtained, more for checking purposes than otherwise, Pelsart proceeded to find his latitude.

Martin Behaim, the "cosmographer" of that fleet of Diego Cam that discovered the Congo, had, in 1484, improved the astrolabe into being an instrument for the non-mathematical. The astrolabe was a very old friend. It had been known to the ancient Greeks. In the eighth century that learned Jew, Messahela, of the Court of Caliph Al Mamoun, had written a treatise upon its use, which had been translated into Latin ; and Chaucer, our own Geoffry of the Canterbury Tales, had, as a "pot boiler," translated this Latin translation into English as "bred and mylke for children," and dedicated it to his little son Lowys in 1391. It was by Behaim's astrolabe that Columbus found his way across the Atlantic to claim for himself the discovery of a continent he had heard of in Iceland as "discovered" five centuries before, and on which even bishops had existed for two hundred and fifty years. What a jade is fame ! Vespucci writes a book, and from his name, Amerigo, we are told the continent gets its name of America ! Is that so ? Perhaps and perhaps not. Surely it should have borne the name



of Columbia, after its first discoverer, Columbus ? Reader, be not over-hasty. Columbus was not its first discoverer; and it does bear its first discoverer's name ! For is it not *Am-Eric-a*, the land of Eric the Red ?

It was by the astrolabe that Cabot, the Bristol man outran Columbus, and left the islands to be discovered, by the Genoese, while the Englishman first planted his flag on the mainland. And it was by the astrolabe that Drake found his way round the world ; and the very astrolabe he used is now in Greenwich Royal Naval Museum, where all can see it who care to do so.

But, like all things else, the astrolabe had had its day. In 1589, the year after the Armada, Master Blundeville had published his ingenious "Exercises," containing a full description of the cross-staff, which, as being a more effective and cheaper instrument than the astrolabe, soon superseded it. In about a hundred and fifty years the cross-staff was superseded by Hadley's quadrant, which held its own until the incoming of the modern sextant.

It was by the cross-staff, then, that Pelsart took his meridian altitude. It was not a complicated instrument. There was a "pole" duly graduated, and on it, so as to slip up and down, were certain cross-pieces known as "transversaries." The bearing of the sun was

taken by compass, and when it was due north one of the men placed the end of the pole close to Pelsart's eye, while De Scanis moved the transversary until one end touched the horizon and the other the sun's centre. As soon as the sun began to dip the observation was taken. There could be no mistake as to the angle of altitude, which was read off on the cross-staff's scales.

The position having been found, it was marked off on one of the charts, called after the pseudonymous Mercator, who sent forth his first map in 1569, but whose praiseworthy work had been succeeded by the precise mathematical scale of Edward Wright, the first Hydrographer to the English East India Company. On one of Wright's charts the position of the *Batavia* was pricked; and, to make all things certain, for Pelsart was a careful man, the chart was checked by a globe in his cabin. And a very strange globe it was—almost enough to turn a modern schoolboy's hair grey. But time fails to go through the worthy Dutchman's furniture and fixings in detail, when we have more interesting matter before us.

After dinner, which was not very elaborate, for the commissariat of these old ships was almost entirely dependent on salt junk, hard biscuit, and peas pudding, Pelsart returned to the deck. Briskly and thought-

fully he paced backwards and forwards for about half an hour, and then he suddenly looked up to windward.

Something in the feel of the air, in the shade of the sea, in the look of the sky had caught his attention. Long and earnestly he gazed away to the side where the weather was coming from; and then hurriedly he dived below to his cabin. He had not been gone five minutes before he was back again.

"Call all hands!" he ordered.

The pipe trilled and squealed along the decks, and the watch below came hurrying up. What could it mean?

"We will lower the topmasts, Mynheer Cornelis."

"Lower topmasts! What for?" asked the astonished supercargo.

"Because I will have it so, mynheer!" said Pelsart, looking him straight in the face. "To your station forward, and be quick!"

Away went Cornelis to the bow, thinking to himself that the more unnecessary work the men were given the better his chance of success.

"Are you ready, Mynheer De Scanis?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Mynheer Gerrits take the main top, and keep an eye to windward! There is no time to lose."

Up sprang Claes, too good a seaman to stop to question an order.

"Away aloft! Furl topsails!

As the men spread out on the yards they heard Claes shout down to the commander:

"There is a bank of cloud rising to windward, sir! The *Assendelft* is shortening canvas."

"Right!" answered Pelsart. "Below there, see that all the ports are closed! Look alive aloft, my lads!"

The men, seeing that their skipper had not gone out of his mind, worked with a will. The huge areas of canvas were taken in before the squall struck the ship—but only just before. The wind came without a gust as a vanguard. It was as though a solid mass of air had been hurled across the ocean. In an instant the sunlight had gone, and the ship was flying before a gale, in the thick of a furious sea. The men were almost blown from the rigging, as the huge topsail yards cleared the caps and were landed across the fore part of the tops.

It was a long job getting down the masts, but down they came at last. Every moment the gale grew; steadily at first, and then by leaps as it were with not a lull between them. The sea seemed to resent the sudden attack, and struggle angrily with the storm. Higher and higher rose the waves; lashed into longer

and longer hills; and surging and seething as the wind had its will of them. Vivid strings of lightning quivered on every hand; and the thunder rolled and crashed, as if cloud and wave were in fierce battle set; and now and then, and for a moment, and for a minute, the flash would come without the thunder-peal, whose echoes were overpowered by the uproar of the howling and moaning and bellowing. The ocean bed seemed torn asunder, and the mad powers within it risen unchained to hurl the sea to heaven. At one instant the ship was on the ridge of a mountain of water; the next she was plunged into an abyss as though she would fall for ever. Up again, down again, straining and writhing, but holding staunch, as she rolled and pitched and fell and rose again. On through the veil of rain; chased and swept by the sheets of spray that rose like snow veils from the black water and gleamed in the tremulous rifts of the lightning. And she fled like a thing of life, tearing through the foaming crests; begirt with peril, and yet unscathed. In every limb she thrilled as she leapt through the summits of staggering seas that swirled and hissed and splashed along her decks. And she crouched and quaked again as the hurricane went growling, shrieking past, and the echoing void was riven.

On board was such a sorting of men as only comes in time of extreme danger. Pelsart was at his post, quiet and alert, but with a brighter look in his eyes, a heightened colour, and a clearer and more metallic voice than usual. Not a sign escaped him of the growth or waning of the wind and sea. Terrible as was the storm, far exceeding anything he had seen or imagined, it had not come upon him unawares, and, trusting in his ship, he was resolved to lose no chance of guiding her through. One consolation he had: he was being driven along his true course at a rate fair weather never could have given him. For the fleet he could do nothing; in such a time each ship must act for herself, and sink or swim according to her destiny. As it happened, they all sank; for not one of the ten was ever heard of again. And no trace was ever found of them. Overwhelmed in that awful tempest old Vlack and his men went down to the kin that had gone before them.

Clinging to the foremast stood Cornelis, fearing each moment would be his last, and raging at his plans thus gone to water. Willingly would he have slipped below, but he dared not. If he deserted the deck while Pelsart kept it, his influence would vanish for ever, and though there seemed little likelihood of the ship surviving, yet there was a chance, and he was a

man of too firm a purpose to give over a long-laid scheme. Quailing at every gust, he yet by force of will subdued his weakness, and remained to take his chance of death or mastery. But he was alone among those who were leagued with him. Not a man of the soldiers, the seamen, and the passengers who had sworn to help him, and had been ready on that night to fight to the last for him had the storm not come, but had now for a time abandoned him. Heyndricks and a few were helplessly drunk. Conrad was terror-stricken, convinced, like the majority of the conspirators, that the storm had come as a judgment on them, and expecting every moment to find himself fathoms deep in the raging sea. Zeevanck, the toughest of the lot, was at the head of a small party, who, seeing that the storm had forced Cornelis to postpone the outbreak, were debating whether it would not be well to postpone it altogether. And, as the signal to change sides had not been given, they were doing their best for the ruler for the time being, whom they could not but compare favourably with their ruler that was to be.

With them, in fact, Cornelis had lost ground. As a leader he was discredited. As a leader of men striving with men he might be as able and successful as Pelsart; but as a leader of men striving with the

higher powers he was evidently an inferior creature. Between him, trembling and almost voiceless, swaying limply by the mast, and holding his ground in mere obstinacy, and the bright-eyed dapper little man on the poop, who never seemed so much at home as now, there was too plain a gap to be disregarded. The ex-apothecary might do very well for a supercargo, but with Pelsart aboard, fearless, skilful, and altogether admirable, his chance of captaincy was nil.

The touchstone of peril had been applied, and revealed the men's true character. There could be no doubt as to which was on the side that would eventually win in the long struggle of advance. The courage of Cornelis was measurable; and here it was being tried beyond its capacity: its deepest limit had been passed. It was a courage that endured not to the very end. But Pelsart's grew with the difficulty, and the greater the danger the greater seemed the strength and depth of its foundations.

That the rough, uncultured men who formed the living freight of the *Batavia* thought this out in this form is not to be supposed; but that they felt it in a dim uncertain way is undoubted. And, willingly or unwillingly, they showed it by their looks and speech. The supercargo was all very well—in his way. But it was not the hopefullest way. He might be as good



a leader as De Scanis, whom Pelsart had sent to take rest, and lay awake below ; but he certainly could not be mentioned in the same breath with that cheery good-humoured giant Claes, who was now sleeping peacefully through it all as if the night were as usual; for Claes had worked like a horse, and rather seemed to enjoy the storm than otherwise, and, it being his turn below, was now taking advantage of the captain's order :

“Go and sleep, Claes, if you can. If I want you I will wake you. This gale will last, and when I want a rest you will have to take my place.”

“Mynheer Cornelis is on deck, sir.”

“Yes—and so am I.”

Let it not be supposed that the supercargo's friends alone were oppressed with fear. Of the rest of the crew only about a dozen had not given way, and of the passengers penned down below only seven kept their heads ; the rest were in despair, convinced that their last hour had arrived, and that it was their duty to be thoroughly afraid of it. And the way in which the ship had become the plaything of the waves was enough to make them so. In the narrow 'tween decks, lit by only one lantern, the time passed horribly. The deck, never for an instant still, never moving as expected, tossed and wrung until it really seemed to

bend, was as much a floor of torture as any tyrant devised. The muscular effort required to keep the body from being hurled from its position was of itself enough to weary out the strongest. No wonder that terror was triumphant, and that many hoped each hour would see the end of them.

But among the seven who did their utmost to comfort their fellows, and wean them from despair, there was, strangely enough, Gysbert Bastians. The poor, shy, nervous student had a brave heart after all. Like Pelsart his hour had come when danger called. When the storm began he had knelt and prayed; and he had risen from his knees like one inspired. He had insisted on going amongst the crowd in the 'tween decks, and there he stayed, his very clumsiness adapting itself to the irregular careering of the ship. From one to the other he went—the steadiest, cheeriest man amongst them—doing as much good by his example as by his speech, giving here a word of sympathy for this world, here a word of hope for the next, here an encouragement for some kindness done, here a reproof for some blasphemy or brutality that, even in what seemed to be the last agony, revealed a brute's true nature. Figure to yourself the stuffy, loathsome cavity in the deep, low and dark, the single jerky light serving only to make the darkness visible

and throw into deeper gloom the sides and ends, so that the width and length seemed infinite; listen to the creaking and groaning of the timbers and the swish of the water all around; hear the voices from the darkness, rising in prayer, and curse—ay, and even quarrel—above the low burden of unbroken sob and moan; see here and there some form bent over another, speaking comfort from the comfortless; and, in a little group round the swinging lantern, recognize the lank form of “the unseasonable priest” of Alkmaar, with one hand steadying himself against the beam overhead and with the other holding the little Testament, from which he reads some words of hope to two rough, haggard penitents, who will not be convinced until they see the promise in the print.

The minds of men are not all built alike, nor does the one church gate swing wide enough for all. There are sights our eyes cannot see until the lens makes them visible, and sounds our ears cannot hear until the membrane makes them audible. Shall we then deny their existence, because without the instrument they are by us unrecognized? No man seeth and heareth all things; so let not man strive to drag back to his level those who see farther and hear more keenly than he!

But, on the other hand, let us not quarrel with a

simpler faith than ours or seek to stifle it. It is not the faith that is to blame, but the people for whom that faith is necessary. It is through such simple faiths our race has come, mounting a ladder, rung by rung, in which each rung is the creed best fitted for us when we stand upon it, but becomes too weak for our intelligence when we leave it. In the gutter, or, as here, in the 'tween decks of an emigrant ship, the ladder must rest in literalism—in language understood of the people. “To me that is revolting!” you say. Perhaps! But it is true. The links that chain you to the brute are not yet all missing. And so long as they exist the race has need of such as Bastians—a simple preacher to the sinking crowd. And if only one in that wild lot was led to live a better life, the preacher's work had not been wasted!

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE DISASTER.

THE storm lasted for a week, and the fear gradually wore off, for man cannot be afraid for ever. At midnight on the 27th of May the wind began to drop, and before sunrise it had sunk to a gentle breeze. But the swell of the sea was, of course, tremendous.

In that long passage through peril five of the passengers died, and many remained so ill for a day or two afterwards that their lives were despaired of. The ship seemed to have escaped without hurt, for, though she must have been greatly strained, she made but little extra water. Her masts and yards remained untouched, and so well had everything been secured that she had not lost a sail or a rope. Her management had been a triumph of seamanship, but her whereabouts were not easy to determine, as the sky continued cloudy. On the 28th, the wind continuing fair and the sea having somewhat subsided, Pelsart got his topmasts aloft again, and set his huge upper

canvas. This was a long day's work, and the men were glad when it was over.

They had worked well together, and it seemed as though a better influence had come over the ship. Tried as they had been during the long spell of danger it is not to be wondered that the secret of the intended rising had oozed out. In a vague way it was generally known that serious mischief of some sort had been nipped in the bud by the storm, but no names were given.

Though outwardly quiet and orderly the men were uneasy: the would-be mutineers were angry with themselves for having let out the secret, and the rest were on their guard, suspecting that the fire had only been damped down. A good deal of chaff in a quiet way went on, but the intention of the commander to let bygones be bygones, at least for a time, was unmistakable, and excitement sank to a minimum.

It was on Thursday, the 4th of June, that the smouldering fire again gave signs of life. Owing to a change of wind, that did not last long, it became necessary to close haul the *Batavia*. In these days, with the flattest of sails, our clippers can work in eleven points—that is to say, with the wind due north they can lie on the port tack north-east by east half east; but in Pelsart's time, with the big bellying canvas and

broad bluff hull, a ship could seldom get as near as east-north-east, and that only by an effort. To prevent the vessel sagging away to leeward under the distended sails, bowlines had come into use. These bowlines were ropes fastened to the edge of the sail and hauled tight on the weather side, so as to flatten in the canvas as much as possible. Every time the ship tacked these bowlines had to be hauled in. The operation required a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, and was one of those things done best in jerks and pauses. To get the men to pull together at the critical moment a song was sung, then as now, in which one man gives a solo, and all join in and pull at the word finishing the line or stanza, the solo being always a topical one, and generally made up by the humorist of the crew on the spur of the moment.

On this occasion half a dozen men were hanging on to one of the bowlines, and Lamberts, the nearest the block, was leading the song.

Haul in the bowline! The saucy ship's a-ro-olling!  
sang Lamberts, and then—

Haul in the bowline, the bowline—ho!

And at the word "ho!" all the men pulled. Then Lamberts led off again:

I'm very glad to tell you, lads, the news is all conso-oling.

And the men joined in the chorus :

Haul in the bowline, the bowline—ho !

Giving a big pull at the “ ho ! ”

In this way Lamberts sang through his song, which continued as follows :

Haul in the bowline ! New Holland we are ne-earing,  
Haul in the bowline, the bowline—ho !  
To fortune we are ste-eering, no enemy we're fe-earing.  
Haul in the bowline, the bowline—ho !

Haul in the bowline ! When the storm was ro-oaring  
Haul in the bowline, the bowline—ho !  
The steward lay a sno-oring, his coming fate deplo-oring.  
Haul in the bowline, the bowline—ho !

Haul in the bowline ! To cure his weary wa-aking,  
Haul in the bowline, the bowline—ho !  
Some physic he'd been ta-aking of Jeremiah's ma-aking.  
Haul in the bowline, the bowline—ho !

Here the men began to laugh, and the noise caught the attention of the supercargo, who stopped and listened to the next stanza :

Haul in the bowline ! That physic wants contro-olling,  
Haul in the bowline, the bowline—ho !  
Or the bell may soon go to-olling for some who haul the  
bo-owline !  
Haul in the bowline, the bowline—ho !

And at the word “ ho ! ” the men gave their final haul, and the bowline was belayed.



An ugly smile rested for an instant on the super cargo's face. The song had set him thinking.

"To work, Cornelis!" he said to himself; "you must be quick, or it will be too late."

That evening during the second dog watch the wind went to the south-west by south, and Pelsart, thinking he had done easting enough, put the ship before it. The yards were all squared, and of course the bowlines were slacked off, so as to give the sails every chance of holding the wind, in accordance with the then current opinion that the baggier they were under such circumstances the better.

Having got the *Batavia* into trim, and heading on her true course, Pelsart, at eight o'clock, when the watch changed, went below, leaving her in charge of Cornelis and the trusty Gerrits. About nine o'clock the clouds cleared off, and for the first time for a fortnight the sky was visible. A beautiful night it was; a gentle favouring breeze just keeping the sails full. On the sea a long heaving swell, through which the ship leisurely rolled and chopped her way. For an hour not a cloud in the heavens; the stars shining from the deep dark dome in intense brightness, the moon rising slowly and majestically from the horizon, and dulling their brilliancy with her greater light as she passed near them.

Cornelis was forward in the waist, talking to Heylwerck. Gerrits was aft on the poop, suspecting no danger from without, and only half noticing the supercargo and his companion. After a time Heyndricks joined them, but he did not stay with them long, and a few minutes after he had gone back to the cabin they separated.

Seven bells! All is well, the ship rolling gently on her moonlit watery way.

Eight bells! Midnight. The watch changes. Cornelis and Gerrits and the larboard watch go below, and the starboard watch, under De Scanis, takes charge. Pelsart, having the report from Gerrits that all is well, turns over to sleep through the middle watch. Of sleep, except for an occasional hour or so, he has had none for a fortnight, and he is not as well as he should be.

Thling! One bell! Half-past twelve! All is still on the ship, which still chops on in the moonlight. There is no sound aboard her except the footfall of De Scanis, who paces the deck in a pair of heavy sea boots. Why these boots, De Scanis? He cannot tell; but it is fortunate for him that he wears them.

Thling! thling! Two bells! One o'clock! The echoes of the bell die away in the silence, and there is nothing but a creak of one of the ropes, a rattle of a

chain, a splash forward as the bow cleaves a wave, and a gurgle along the sides as the ship glides through it. The moon is now lower, and her long "wake" makes the path ahead look like burnished silver.

De Scanis walks to the wheel, and sees that the course is correct—north-east by north. Then he looks behind him and around him, and notices the slight haze creeping up on the horizon. All is well?

No!

Suddenly there is a crash. The ship stops dead and trembles, and then comes a lifting and another crash, and she heels over a bit and remains motionless.

She is aground.

At the first strike Pelsart is up and on deck.

"You villain!" he hisses at De Scanis. "You have wrecked the ship."

"I did not see, mynheer!"

"Where are we?"

"God only knows that! The ship is on a bank that no one has found before."

And, with all sail on, she begins to roll. And the sea, for as far as can be seen around, is covered with silver foam.

The crew and passengers come racing up and crowd the deck. All is confusion.

The lead is heaved. There are three fathoms of

water at the bow, and four under the stern! Midway she is aground on a knife edge.

The ship must be on a coral reef. She might be driven over it if she were lightened.

And all hands are set to work to heave the cannon overboard. But the guns are sacrificed in vain. The ship will not move forward.

Then the men are drawn up in line on one side of the deck, and run in a body to the other. And so they run, backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, to shake the ship from her rocky cradle. Then they run from end to end.

But all is useless.

Then the wind begins to rise, and the mist thickens over the sky, and rain falls. In the rising sea the ship is rolled and shaken about from side to side, but never forward, and so fiercely she pounds on the rocks that Pelsart fears she will be stove.

An anchor is let go to steady her. Still she struggles wildly, and beats her sides on the barrier's teeth.

The noise as she grinds and wrenches and bruises herself is deafening. More and more violently she flings herself about. The breeze has become almost a gale. Squall after squall bursts over her. The poor ship seems to feel she is doomed, and resolves to die hard.

Can nothing be done to save her? Reluctantly Pelsart has the mainmast cut away.

But just at the critical moment, the ship gives one of her violent jerks, and it does not fall clear. And the struggling, as of a dog tearing at his chain, grows more frenzied. The men have to cling for their lives. Some are thrown down each time the ship strikes. In one tremendous lurch three men are flung overboard.

The water is rising in the hold. The pumps are at work, but the men can hardly stand to them.

Day breaks. Pelsart finds he has run his ship on a reef at the end of a long narrow island lying almost due north and south, with another island about four miles to the north-west, and another, farther away, five miles. The sea around and between the islands bristles with narrow ridges and pointed rocks; and encircling all, as with a ring fence, is a reef with many gaps, that acts as a breakwater. Outside the ring beat the long ocean rollers; inside it leap and strive a spiteful multitude of troubled irregular eddies.

He is aground on Houtman's Abrolhos—the "abrolhos," or "eye-openers," or shoals, discovered a hundred and two years before by Menezes, the Portuguese, the first European to touch the coast of Western Australia, and re-discovered in 1598 by Houtman, who had come from slavery in Barbary

to pioneer the way for the Dutch in these distant seas.

The Abrolhos are the very shoals his sailing instructions told him to beware of.

They can be found to-day, a little larger now than then. They are in three groups, separated from the mainland by Geelvink Channel, the lowest of the groups being now known as Pelsart Islands, after our brave little koopman.

Take a map of Western Australia. See where the 29th degree line of south latitude crosses the 114th degree line of east longitude. Two miles north-westward of that cross you have the beacon which marks the end of the last voyage of the *Batavia*.

## CHAPTER IX.

### CORNELIS IN COMMAND.

THE 5th of June in the southern hemisphere answers to the 5th of December north of the line ; and the sun did not rise till eight o'clock.

With the ship labouring and tearing herself to pieces, Pelsart began his measures for getting his people ashore.

He had changed his mind regarding De Scanis, and apologized to him for thinking he had wilfully wrecked the ship.

De Scanis was, indeed, quite innocent of the charge, and, good easy-going fellow, was only too pleased to get back on good terms with his commander.

"Let me go and explore the island, mynheer," he asked.

"Very good. Take the skiff, but do not stay long."

The skiff was launched, not without a very near shave of being swamped, and De Scanis, with Zee-

vanck and Lamberts, rowed off to the long island. They had to go some way to the north up the coast before they could find a place where they could land in safety. Leaving the boat, De Scanis walked off the beach on to the narrow central ridge, which was hardly twenty feet above the water. It was a long backbone. To the right of him was the ocean, to the left of him was the tiny archipelago in its ring fence of coral. Nowhere was the island over half a mile wide, and it seemed to be at least seven miles long. It lay like a long log in the sea, a mere line as it were—a backbone of red rock, with a meagre skirting of sand and a little soil on the ridge, from which at wide intervals rose a few shrubs.

Having seen enough for his purpose, De Scanis returned to report.

“Well, sir?” said Pelsart.

“The flood-tide does not cover the island, sir.”

“That I can see. But what is the difference between high and low water?”

“Less than a yard!”

“That is about right for these parts. What is the beach like?”

“It is a very difficult one to land on.”

“Difficult or not difficult we must do it, and we must be quick about it.”



The ship was still struggling in her rocky cradle, and bit by bit was being wrenched apart.

It was now ten o'clock, and, after much dangerous work, the shallop was launched, more by luck than judgment, for just as the boat was going over the side the ship gave an unexpected pitch and flung her right away, snapping the tackles with the jerk. Luckily the coil of the painter was left on the ship's deck, and Claes had just time to whip the end round a belaying pin, or the shallop would have drifted off. Conrad was jerked overboard by the ship at the same time as the boat. More fortunate than his companions, he was swept inshore by the current, and, much exhausted, reached the beach; but so busy were the people on board looking after their own safety that as soon as he disappeared under the water he was given up for lost, and great was their surprise a few hours afterwards when they found him safe and sound on the island. The long boat was launched without accident, but the other boat had her side damaged.

Great as was the confusion, for the ship threatened to gape asunder every minute, the women and children and sick were the first to be put in the boats and sent ashore in charge of De Scanis. The passage was a dangerous one in the rising sea, for the wind blew ever more boisterously.

While the boats were away a stock of provisions was got up, consisting chiefly of biscuits and wine. The gang told off for this work was in charge of the steward, and consisted of three men and two boys, Derrik and Abraham, while Hays was placed as sentry over the liquor. When the boats returned at half-past eleven, they were loaded up with a good deal of wine and biscuit. At noon, down almost to the gunwale with goods and passengers, they left on their second journey. And at two o'clock they left again with another heavy load—this time including some small casks of water, owing to the coxswain bringing a message from De Scanis that none had yet been found.

Meanwhile the ship, still struggling to be free from the death grasp, continued to go to ruin. And the getting up of the stores was a work of danger, owing to the erratic way in which she was buffeted about. Heyndricks did not trust himself below. He stood by the opening in the deck, and shouted his orders down to the men in the hold, while the boys helped to haul up the barrels. Cornelis came and looked on occasionally. Beyond keeping the men quiet he had little to do, or, rather, he did little, and his occasional visits to the steward were to take a drink of spirits, which might prepare him for his expected voyage to the shore on a plank.

"She can't last at this rate," said he to Heyndricks.

"Nor will you if you don't take care," was the steward's reply; "how many more drinks are you coming for?"

"As many as I like—there!" said the supercargo, who had already taken more than was good for him.

Here the ship gave a short sharp jerk that threw Cornelis against the door.

"There you are," said the steward; "that's half ship and half schnapps."

"Don't be so familiar, sir," said the supercargo, with sudden emphasis on the "mil" as the vessel gave a return jerk, and nearly sent him flying down the hatchway.

The danger sobered him, and with an effort he pulled himself upright, and with great dignity returned to the main-deck.

It was now half-past three o'clock. Pelsart had sent ashore in the four boats one hundred and fifty people, with a little water and a good deal of biscuit and wine. From the ship he could see the boats land and the people struggle up to the centre of the ridge. Some sails had been taken in the boats, and a tent had been pitched, and the captain, with his glass, could see the barrels being rolled up. And he could also see that during the last hour a great deal of disorder had

broken out. There seemed to be fighting and struggling going on. Evidently something was wrong, for the skiff made no sign of returning, and the shallop alone put off with a passenger in her. It was not long before Pelsart recognized that the passenger was De Scanis, and with much impatience did he await his arrival. At last the shallop came alongside.

"Will you come ashore, sir?"

"Why?"

"The men have broken into the wine, sir, and are getting drunk, and they are mutinous, and threatened to put a knife into me if I interfered. They are wasting all the provisions, and kicking them about."

"Why didn't you bring the long boat?"

"I couldn't get the men to bring her, sir."

"Oh! we must see about that."

"Don't stop to bring any more provisions, sir. There'll be mischief if we are not back soon."

"Why didn't you put the wine under guard?"

"I did, sir; but it was the guard that began drinking."

"Sergeant" said the captain, "muster all your men, and get them into the boat, ready for action."

"Right, sir."

In a few minutes, the sergeant and his men were in the shallop, nine all told—himself, Hays, withdrawn from

the steward; the five Frenchmen, of whom we have heard; Hendrick Jasperts, of whom we shall hear again; and a heavy, clumsy Jan Hendricks van Bremen, of whom we shall hear much. Both Jasperts and Van Bremen were in the gang brought on board by Cornelis. With them Pelsart took twenty of the seamen he thought he could trust, and Claes. When the shallop left the ship Cornelis was below, and Pelsart sent him a message to take charge till his return in an hour or two's time.

As soon as he left, the wind suddenly increased, and quite a storm came on. It did not take him long to reach the island, and as soon as the mutineers saw him coming up the ridge at the head of his men all their thoughts of resistance vanished. Some of them were put under arrest. Order was soon restored, and, leaving De Scanis in charge with Claes to help him, Pelsart went off up the island to look for water. But none did he find. And when he proposed to return to the ship he found that the sea was running too high for the shallop to live in it. The men at first refused to try, but they consented after some delay, and an effort was made to get off shore, but the tempest was not to be denied. The journey was declared to be impossible, and Pelsart had to console himself with waiting for the morning and watching the gradual destruction

of the ship away out on the reef. He had ordered two more tents to be erected, and in the three tents most of the saved spent the night—a terrible night with the wind howling wildly, and the rain falling in a deluge. The island was not like the desert islands we read of in story books: it was not like the island “situated at the mouth of Orinoco,” from whose “western” side could be seen “the mainland of America,” and which yet had the climate and seasons of Juan Fernandez; it had no cave, no woods, no rivers; the rain pelted down on its bare saddle-back and poured off each side into the sea as if from the roof of a house; and it was anything but a pleasant place to be cast ashore upon.

But bad as the experience was on shore, it was nothing like so bad as it was on the ship. There the stout old craft was in her death struggle, and the struggle was to be long and obstinate.

Cornelis had under him seventy men, including the boys. At last he was in command of the *Batavia*. If he could only get her off! But, with the exception of the steward, all his confederates were on the island, and Pelsart's sentries were on guard over their weapons!

Here was the irony of fate! No wonder he chafed and stumbled along the deck in impetuous irregular

strides, cursing the day that had brought him aboard the ship which was to be his prize and his grave.

There was no rest that night for the storm-scourged men. The tempest raged and bellowed, and the seas broke and fell in floods on the old ship's deck. She shook and jerked at every blow, and at rare intervals she would roll, as if in a death throe, from one side to the other: and then back she would go with a thundering crash such as a king of the forest makes in his fall. No wonder that Cornelis, in the chill, uncanny hour before the break of day, began to think of his past life, and derive little comfort from the review. No wonder that his thoughts should run off at queer tangents!

"Haarlem!" he muttered to himself, "Haarlem! Yes! How drawn old Pieters's face looked when he died! How lucky it was the wrinkles smoothed out afterwards! How cruel that the lawyers should have stepped in and kept us out of what we had earnt! I wonder whether they have found the next-of-kin they talked about! Not they! They don't want to find him! I should like to find him; it would pay them out, and I might get the miserable old miser's money after all!"

Here the ship gave a sudden heave, that sent the supercargo staggering to the side. To save himself

from falling he caught hold of some one, thrown like him against the shattered bulwarks.

It was Derrik.

"Hum! Thank you," said the supercargo; "hope I haven't hurt you."

"All right, sir."

"There's worse trouble at sea than hard knocks, you know. Have you ever heard that before?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have, eh? When did you hear it last?"

"My Uncle Pieters used to say so."

"Your—uncle—Pieters!" said Cornelis, in a series of gasps.

For a minute he stood speechless. Then he turned and strode off in search of Heyndricks.

The steward was not a man to be easily frightened; nor was he one to shirk his work when he was likely to go short of a meal. Thinking it a pity that good provisions should be lost, and seeing that, however matters turned out, the food would be wanted, he had kept steadily at work, getting up all he could from the after-hold. And he did his work methodically and well. As the barrels and cases came on deck, he arranged them in proper order to be transferred to the boats, and had each one carefully lashed so that it could not work adrift. Now and then a case or barrel would get



smashed as it came up, owing to the jerking of the ship.

Even after the captain had left he stuck to his post, and by the time darkness had set in he had practically cleared out all that could be got from the hold. Notwithstanding the murmurs of the men at their dangerous task, he had kept them at work till late, and when they came up from below a good strong glass of spirits to each quite restored his popularity.

Having more faith in the ship than Cornelis, he had convinced himself that she would last till the morning, and this enabled him to take the knocking about as if he were used to it. Indeed, if Pelsart had been the hero of the storm, Reynier Heyndricks was, in his peculiar way, the hero of the wreck.

While the others on board were crouching and clinging to whatever came handiest, expecting each moment to be thrown into the sea—as some of them were, and never heard of again—Heyndricks was seated on the deck with his arm in a comfortable leather strap he had specially selected for his own use; and he was smoking a pipe! How a man could smoke under such circumstances is a puzzle, but he did. Had he kept the mouthpiece between his teeth, he would assuredly have bitten it off every minute; but, by holding the bowl of his pipe in his hand and

sucking the mouthpiece with his lips, he not only contrived to smoke, but exercised himself in a game of skill that occupied his mind, and kept it from wandering to the past or the future.

Just inside the door of the captain's cabin, the steward, regardless of the consequences, sat and smoked. Below, he had left the hatchway open, with the provisions all piled up around ready to be handed aloft; and his division of the hold was almost empty.

Cornelis, supposing the burly man was among his barrels, went in search of him below. Half dazed at what he had heard, he whispered to himself, as he went down the ladder:

“His—uncle—Pieters! His uncle——”

Here the ship gave a lurch, and he had to clutch the ladder tightly to save himself from falling.

At last he reached the deck.

“Heyndricks!” he called, as he entered the door near the open hatchway.

No answer.

“Heyndricks!”

Suddenly, without even a warning jerk, the ship lurched most violently, as if blown upwards. Cornelis, taken unawares, was thrown forward. Stretching out his foot to save himself, he trod upon air and fell into

the hold. As he fell the ship rolled almost to her beam ends, so that he alighted, not immediately under the hatchway, but to the right upon some sacks.

And his head struck the vessel's side. And he lay there, deep down, silent and motionless, as if he were dead.

And the ship recovered herself but a little way, and leapt a foot or two forward, and then lay, wedged and unmoved, in the cradle of coral she had crushed to fit her form.

## CHAPTER X.

### HEYNDRICKS IN COMMAND.

OF the seventy on the ship on the Friday night, but fifty-five were left on the Saturday morning. Fifteen of them were gone; some had been seen to be thrown overboard, and it was thought that the supercargo had gone with them.

Search was made for him, but to no purpose. Where could he be but overboard?

"Drowned?" asked Abraham.

"No, my boy," said the steward. "He was never born to be drowned."

"Where is he, then?" said Derrik.

"On the island, I should say. Never you fear, my boy; Mynheer Cornelis is too good a man for us to lose."

"I hear them shouting that the boats are coming out to us," said Abraham.

"Very likely, young ebony," said Heyndricks pleasantly; "we shall be all right, never fear. We shall

all meet again on the island of joy, and the preacher will be there, and all your good friends. Take my word for it. Now bear a hand there, and put the hatch back in that hole. You had no business to leave it like that last night. There ! that'll do. That'll give us a little more room to get the barrels and cases out. The more of these things we take ashore with us the better we shall be."

"Please, mynheer, the onder-koopman cannot be found," said one of the men, putting his head in at the door.

"Well, we knew that an hour ago."

"And the men, mynheer, are asking who is in command of the ship?"

"Oh, I'm in command of the ship," said the steward, quite equal to the occasion.

"We should like to drink your health, mynheer?"

"Oh, yes; you would, would you? Well, I'll come and see about it."

The ship was now steadier. It seemed as though the last tremendous lurch had wrenched a piece off the rock, so that she could rest firm on her bed. And with a heavy list to starboard, she lay.

Heyndricks made his way to the bow, and saw that both skiff and shallop had started out to the wreck. But the sea was running so high that he

thought it impossible for them to come anywhere near her.

The captain was in the skiff, and De Scanis was in the shallop; and all that could be done to get aboard they did. But it was impossible.

"If they can't take us ashore," said Heyndricks to the carpenter, Egberts, "we must get ashore ourselves."

"But our orders are to remain here," said the carpenter.

"Well, we must get fresh orders, or else make them ourselves."

"Now, if Mynheer Cornelis——"

"Never mind Mynheer Cornelis," interrupted the steward. "Mynheer Cornelis has gone ashore"—and he really thought that he had—"the best thing to do is for somebody to go after him, and get fresh orders."

"I'll do that," said Egberts.

"Well, that's good. It looks an awkward sea, but the set is to the shore, and with a line round you you could do it; or you can go on a plank."

"The plank will be the best, I think."

"Ah, you carpenters are more used to the wood than the water. But you can have a line as well. I'll watch it."

And so Egberts stripped, and a line was tied round his waist, a loose plank was cut away and thrown

overboard, and a rope attached to it to prevent its floating off.

When all was ready Heyndricks shook hands with Egberts, and took charge of the coil of thin rope, which was not much thicker than clothes-line.

"Get out on the bowsprit a bit," said Heyndricks, "and the boats will see you are coming, and they can pick you up. That's better than going all the way ashore."

And Egberts climbed out to the end of the stump, which was all that remained, for the spritsail yard and mast above had long since been shaken off. Heyndricks followed him about half way.

"Now, then, my lads," said Heyndricks to the crew gathered in the bow, "give them a good hail. All together, now!"

"Boat aho-o-o-oy!" roared the men at their loudest.

"Now again," said the steward; "much louder this time. All together, and make it longer."

"Boat aho-o-o-o-o-oy!" shouted the men.

"That'll do," said the steward.

The captain was seen to stand up in the skiff, and at the same time the steward pointed to Egberts and in pantomime showed what the object was. Pelsart held up his hand signifying that he understood. And in the rough sea the boats again tried to approach the ship.

"Good luck to you!" said Heyndricks to the carpenter; "now in with you."

"Right," said the carpenter, as he dropped into the sea.

In a few strokes he reached the plank.

"Cast away, there!" shouted Heyndricks to the man in charge of the rope, and the rope was flung off; and away on the plank went Egberts, with Heyndricks paying out the line from his station on the stump of the bowsprit. There was little wind now, but the sea was rolling heavily and angrily, and the carpenter's journey was a dangerous one. But the approach of the skiff soon secured his safety, and Heyndricks had the pleasure of announcing from his post of vantage that the captain had him safe in hand.

In a minute or two Pelsart rose in the skiff, and, holding a piece of the line that Egberts had brought with him in one hand, and the end of the boat's painter in the other, he made a show of knotting them together.

"Humph!" said the steward, "what means that!"

"Tie a bigger rope to the line, sir, and they'll haul it out and then haul themselves aboard," said Derrik.

"Smart boy!" said the steward; "if that isn't what they mean, it's a good thing to do. So look sharp, half a dozen of you. Slip down to the fore



store-room and get a good bit to begin with; quick now!"

In less than five minutes the rope was brought up and knotted on to the thin line. Then Heyndricks, holding up the two ropes together, showed that they were joined. Pelsart signalled back, and immediately the rope began to be drawn off the wreck.

"This won't be long enough," said the steward; "get another and a thicker one."

Away went the men, and another and larger coil was brought up.

"That's right," said the steward, still standing on the bowsprit, and guiding the rope clear as it was drawn through his hands. "Now join the ends ready. Make sure the knot won't give; never mind how it looks."

The rope continued to run out: haul—haul—haul.

"What a lot they are taking!" said Abraham.

"They are further off than we thought. I suppose they'll signal when they have got to the end of the thin line."

"Look at the shallop!" said Abraham.

"All right, blackie, I see," said the steward, though the remark was not addressed to him; "they are both coming to help us. Look, they are throwing our line

aboard her. Here, get another rope on the end of this, and let it be a stouter one still."

Away went the men. But before they came back Pelsart rose in the skiff, and, holding up the knot, showed that he had reached it at last, and then, in pantomime, he belayed it, and hauled as if he would haul it on board again.

"We're to haul in the skiff" said Derrik; "that's it, and he'll pay out the line to the shallop, and we'll have to get her up afterwards."

"She'd come up easier if we run the rope through a block," said one of the men.

"Certainly. Hook that snatch-block on to the foremast."

This did not take long.

"Now get the tow line up over it."

In a few seconds this was done, and the men were all ready to haul in.

"Now bear a hand all of you down there," said the steward, who had no notion of doing any hard work himself. "I'll stay here, and, boy Derrik, you stand there and repeat my orders."

The skiff was soon brought up to the ship, though the strain on the rope was at times dangerously great. The captain was first in over the bow. He was welcomed with a cheer. Egberts followed, and was

greeted with a louder cheer, as he ran to his clothes.

"Well done, steward!" said Pelsart. "Now we must get the shallop up."

Another rope was thrown to the skiff, and when it was secured the first was let go by her. It was then cut to save unnecessary haulage, and a strong hawser was brought up by the captain's orders and fastened on to the end. Then a signal was made to the shallop that all was ready; and the hawser began to be drawn off into the sea, with the steward guiding it as before. In half an hour the shallop was alongside.

Then the boats were loaded with the valuables and provisions, which were both very carefully looked after by the steward, who thought the knowledge might come in useful in the future. Several casks of water were also taken, and the rest were carefully examined to see that they were sound, so that if the ship broke up before the boats returned the casks might float ashore.

Then, under Egberts, the men set to work to make a couple of rafts, out of such spars and timbers as were nearest to hand. The spars, each with a line attached, were thrown overboard, and there lashed together—the lashing being an awkward task, owing to the roughness of the sea.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the captain thought enough had been done for the day's work, and the two rafts and the boats were ordered to start. That communication might be kept up between the ship and the shore several lengths of rope were knotted together and taken in the shallop; and, one end being fast on board the ship, this long rope was let out as the boat rose and fell on the waves.

Both boats and rafts were deeply laden. All the steward's stores were there that he had got up from the hold—for he never thought of going down for more—and nearly all the water, and several spare sails for tents, and heaps of cooking utensils, and things for a camp of long duration. Very little that was necessary was forgotten, for, as we have said before, Pelsart was a methodical man, and one not inclined to let an opportunity slip. Thinking that the ship might not last through the night, he took all he could out of her. Of course he had his papers and his instruments. When De Scanis went for his, he found Heyndricks packing up in the supercargo's cabin.

"I wonder if Cornelis is all right!" said De Scanis.

"Oh, he's ashore somewhere, you may depend on it. We are sure to see him shortly. That's why I'm taking charge of his belongings."

"Well, that's very kind of you. I believe he's gone to the sharks."

"And that gives you promotion—eh?" said the steward, looking up.

"Well, I wasn't thinking of that. What I thought was that his things ought to be handed over to the captain, if he's dead, and that you had better leave them alone."

"Oh, the captain doesn't want to be bothered with them."

"What's that?" asked Pelsart, entering at the moment.

Heyndricks was too much taken aback to answer.

"What is the matter?" asked the captain, looking from one to the other.

"The steward thinks Mynheer Cornelis is not dead, and is packing up his things for him. I say he is dead, and that the things ought to be listed and put by to be sold in the usual way. He says you don't want to be bothered about them."

"Nor do I; but I think we have seen the last of Jerome Cornelis. Any way, Mynheer De Scanis, have the things put under lock and key. If the owner is dead we can sell them; if he is alive he can claim them. It is not the steward's duty to be bothered about them. Leave them, Heyndricks; I want

you to look after the spirits as they go over the side."

And, much to his disgust, Heyndricks had to leave De Scanis to get together the supercargo's private papers, in which there might be evidence enough to bring him to the gallows. Luckily De Scanis was a careless man. Heyndricks did not often pray, but, if "prayer is the heart's sincerest wish, uttered or unexpressed," he certainly prayed then that De Scanis in his hurry might be blind.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE.

THAT night the wind increased, and all the Sunday the storm raged furiously. The ship remained in position, but her upper works were swept away piecemeal. About eleven o'clock a disaster happened. The rope that had been so laboriously led to the shore slipped adrift, and communication with the wreck was cut off.

Outside the reef the sea's fury was appalling ; inside, among the rocks and islands, the water was smooth enough for the shallop to venture on a voyage of discovery, and in her Pelsart and a few men visited the pear-shaped island nearest to the long one. Like the other, it had a rocky coast and a central ridge, and no water discoverable, but, as the long island was inconveniently crowded, forty men, under Claes, were taken off to the smaller one, and, tents being pitched, proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances permitted.

Having started the new settlement with provisions

and forty gallons of water, Pelsart returned to the long island—and none too soon.

All along the central ridge, with the ocean on one hand and the ring of troubled water on the other, the people were, in threes and fours, discussing the great question of the day—the want of water. Being Sunday afternoon, there was nothing for them to do but to talk and listen; and a fine brew of mischief was in progress.

It was a strange scene that afternoon, on that bare island of the Indian Ocean. Being Sunday—Sunday, June 7, 1629—all whose Sunday clothes had come ashore had put them on, and all wore the long cloaks of the period, to save them from the spray. In the high wind, which swept down occasionally in gusts almost enough to blow everything on the island into the sea, the long cloaks would stream out and show the belted tunics and big buckles underneath, and the knickerbockers and capacious boots. Holding on to their tall narrow-brimmed hats, their cloaks flying now to the front of them, now to the back of them, the men moved to and fro on the narrow platform, and the women, in their picturesque peasant costumes almost the same then as now, gathered together about the tents, their petticoats as much the sport of the wind as the men's cloaks; and so little were the idlers



raised above the water, even on the central ridge, that from the smaller island it looked as though they were walking on the wavetops.

In the central tent were the arms and ammunition, and valuables and papers, under a guard of two French soldiers, who, in gleaming helmet and breastplate and backpiece, and pike on shoulder, marched backwards and forwards in regulation sentry fashion. The tent itself was the guard-room, and half a dozen more soldiers were inside. And near the door sat De Scanis, the officer in command, writing at a makeshift table. Close by were the other tents; and between them, covered with a tarpaulin, was a wide stack of cases and barrels of provisions. A few yards off a galley had been rigged up for the cook, whose mates were now busy giving it a clean out while the boys helped him. They were the only folks at work, but then there is always work for ship boys, no matter whether afloat or ashore.

The night before the question had been :

“Where was Cornelis?”

Heyndricks had led the men on the wreck to think that he had been washed on to the island. But the island had been searched, and no trace of him had been found. Neither on the sea side nor within the reef had any bodies floated to land. Conrad alone, of

those washed overboard, had escaped with his life. He had been seen to be swept away, and, as soon as he had disappeared in the waves, had been given up for lost; Cornelis had not been seen to disappear, but the same good fortune was anticipated for him; and those who so anticipated it were naturally disappointed.

"He must have gone to the sharks," said Conrad.

"Yes," said Zeevanck, "and now he has gone, we must back up Pelsart."

"I don't know that," said Conrad.

"Eh? Is he not the only man to get us out of this difficulty?"

"Was he not the only man to put us in it? What right has he to command a ship if he doesn't know whereabouts she is? What right has he to clumsily throw all of us on a rock like this, to die of thirst?"

"Well," said Zeevanck, "I don't think he did throw us on this rock. It was not his fault that the *Batavia* called here."

"It was his watch; he gave the course."

"Did he? Well, I think that's unreasonable now. I consider this running aground pure misfortune."

"Cornelis wouldn't have run us aground on a place like this."

"He didn't have a chance to try, did he?"

"No, poor fellow. I'm afraid he has gone for good."

"Yes, for his own good, I dare say. But when you come to think it over, there's not much good to be said about him. Is there?"

"H'mno!" said Conrad. "He didn't profess to be much, did he?"

"He professed to win," said Zeevanck, "and he didn't. He wasn't a good judge, and he wasn't a good seaman, and he wasn't a good apothecary."

"But he was a good smoker!" said Heyndricks, as he joined the group.

Zeevanck laughed, and the others joined in, and the laugh was renewed as the steward continued: "And that is what you can say of Heyndricks."

"How much water is there left?" asked Conrad of the steward.

"Very little, for all these people."

"Then the officers ought to go and find some."

"That's it," said Heyndricks; "but there does not seem to be any to find."

"How far is it to the nearest land?" asked Conrad.

"Not far," said Heyndricks, "only just below the eastern horizon."

"We ought not to be left here to die like dogs," continued Conrad. "I have not had a proper drink for the last two days."

"Let us go to De Scanis," said Zeevanck, "and tell him we won't stand it. We gave him a scare the day before yesterday."

"Let us see what the other men think," said Heyndricks; and the friends walked up to another group who were also discussing the water question. For a few minutes they joined in with them, and then the whole crowd moved off to another group and absorbed that, and so group after group was added, until there were no stragglers, and the whole population of the island, except the boys round the galley and the soldiers in the tent, were "demonstrating," on the expected water famine.

As Pelsart neared the island in the shallop, he saw all the small crowds on the ridge above the wave crests join first one and two together, and then from many crowds become one; and much did he wonder what the fuss was about.

The crowd saw the shallop returning, and did nothing until he landed. Then six of them came towards the headquarters tent, while the others stopped some distance off.

Pelsart came out alone to meet them.

At their head was the steward.

"What is the matter, Heyndricks?" asked Pelsart.

"Well, mynheer, there has been some friendly con-

versation going on about the scarcity of water, and as no harm is meant, I thought it best to come with the spokesmen. All the people think the same. There isn't enough water in the casks and on the island to last us more than a week, and, with all respect, they think the officers should go with a boat's crew to the mainland and find some."

"Is it not rather my place to tell you that, than yours to tell it to me?"

"Well, no, mynheer; I don't really think it is. In an ordinary way it might be mutiny, but it is not so now. You see you would not desert us unless we gave you good reasons to go, and these are the best of reasons."

"I must stand to my ship to the last, and I must stand to my people to the last."

"Not so, mynheer. That is what your people have been talking about, and that is why I am with them. They mean no disrespect, but they will release you from your task, and chance being left here for a day or so, knowing that you will come back to them."

"Then is it to be understood that you wish me to desert you?"

"Not to desert us; to find water for us. You alone know these seas; you alone can find your way about in them."

“Well, if that is all you have to say, go back, and say I will give an answer to-morrow morning. It is too late to start now. And it is too rough. Let me see that crowd disperse. I do not like crowds.”

Heyndricks and his friends walked away, and in about half an hour the big crowd had broken up into many groups again, and soon these were united as supper was shared out amongst them.

Heyndricks had been wide awake enough to see his opportunity, and had played his game well. By the death of Cornelis he had succeeded to the headship of the conspiracy, if it ever became needful to revive it; and, by thus putting himself forward as the mouth-piece of the discontented, he had not only asserted his position, but paved the way for recruits. The grievance was a just one. There was certainly not enough water; in that all were agreed. Pelsart could not complain at the fact being pointed out; and he could not well take offence at the way in which the steward had acted as mediator; and the result could not but add to the steward's reputation. There is nothing like a grievance to bring men together; and when they have been successfully led, it comes easy to them to follow the same leader and work together again, though the grievance may be much less real.

And Heyndricks had not forgotten the supercargo's

papers, and the evidence they might contain endangering his neck; and he had resolved to have them. Luckily, De Scanis had bundled them into a box anyhow, without troubling to look at them; but any day they might be brought under the notice of some more cautious person; and then? Evidently all that belonged to Cornelis had better belong to Heyndricks.

“By getting rid of Pelsart,” said Heyndricks to himself, “I shall clear the ground considerably. One of the officers is almost sure to go with the koopman. If De Scanis goes I may be left in charge, for Claes is on the other island, and not likely to come here; and if Claes goes, then De Scanis will be in charge, and unless something very unforeseen happens, there need be no difficulty with him.”

That night, a stormy moonlight night, with the clouds racing across the sky, and the seas thundering and hissing on the rocky shore, Pelsart walked to and fro along the southern ridge, giving occasional glances at the wreck, that every now and then the moon revealed. Long and carefully did he consider the position in which he was placed. Here he was, cast ashore on a barren rock yielding no hope of food and with no water discoverable. To stay long in such a place was impossible. Exposure would leave few victims for starvation. The only chance of safety was

from some passing ship—and a passing ship in those days, in that part of the ocean, was about as little to be expected as a visit from the inhabitants of the moon, for were not the Abrolhos the very things the ships were to avoid ?

To leave the island was impossible, unless a new ship was to be built out of the ruins of the old one, as the boats were far too few. The only plan was to send out a party nominally in search of water, but really in search of help. In a well-found boat, a voyage might be made up the New Holland coast to Batavia, where a rescue vessel could easily be obtained. Clearly the boat voyage should be undertaken immediately ; if water was found within a reasonable distance, a change of quarters could be made, and a party then sent off for rescue ; if water was not found close at hand, then the party could go off at once for rescue. As the crowd only asked for water, it would be as well to say nothing about anything else. Let them suppose that water only was the cause of the expedition, and let them plume themselves on its having been sent at their suggestion : they would thus be kept in good temper, though they might have longer to wait than they expected.

But who was to command the boat ? Surely himself ! Almost anybody could stay on the island, but



there was no one except Claes who could be trusted on an adventurous voyage to the north. If Claes did not go he, Pelsart, must ; and under any circumstances the tedium of waiting behind would be maddening.

The crowd had said, "Let the koopman go!" And the koopman in his heart was only too glad to go, when the only alternative was to be penned up on an ocean reef, and, through weary waiting, study human weakness.

But could he go safely ? He thought he could, now that Cornelis had disappeared. His was the only head capable of organizing and leading a successful plot, and his partisans without him were helpless. Heyndricks might do harm, but, man for man—and Pelsart balanced them very carefully—De Scanis was the strongest ; and De Scanis started with such advantages that the steward would be sure to get the worst of an encounter. So Pelsart thought.

Next morning, Monday, 8th of June, at sunrise, the long boat was sighted coming from the smaller island. She brought Claes, to ascertain what had been the matter the evening before, and to report that no water had yet been found.

"You have come in time to confirm me in my resolve," said Pelsart.

"What resolve is that, Mynheer ?"

"I am going in the skiff in search of water on the islands and coast near at hand."

"Oh, let me come with you?" said Claes, eagerly.

"Your presence is wanted on the island, I fear."

"Not at all," said Claes. "Everything is all right over there. Anybody can keep them in order. I can be of use in the boat."

"It may be a dangerous enterprise."

"But it will not be as bad for my health as sticking still doing nothing on that miserable reef."

"You will do your duty, Mynheer Gerrits."

"You can trust me there. But you would see if I did my duty if I were with you."

"You would certainly be more useful afloat than ashore."

"Then you allow me to come?"

"I do."

After breakfast the skiff was made ready under the shelter of the reef and her crew chosen. Nine men in all were to go in her. Their names are worth recording: Francis Pelsart in command, Claes Gerrits second in command, Jacob Jansz Holvogh, Claes Jansz Dor, Michiel Claes, Adrian Jacobs, Hans Jacobs Binder, Jan Everts, Claes Willems Graeft. We know their names, from their having all signed a paper when they left the island, stating that they had gone in search of

water at the request of their comrades—a copy of the paper being entered in the ship's log, which was still kept up.

All hands had been called ; and Pelsart, after a few words on the misfortune that had befallen them, had signed the document, in the presence of the rest of the men.

"It is clearly understood," he said, "that we go at your request."

"It is," shouted the men, headed by Heyndricks.

"Very well, then," said Pelsart ; "I have left Mynheer de Scanis in charge. You will render him the same obedience as you would me, and you will in every way assist him as he may request, until my return. Gisbert van Welderen, you have charge of the smaller island ; you will take your orders from these headquarters. I need say no more. Farewell ! I will see you again."

On the beach was Bastians and the few who followed the nine to the boat ; all knelt as a prayer was said that the search for water might be successful.

"Good luck to you !" said Heyndricks, as the sail of the skiff was hoisted.

"May God be with you !" said Bastians.

The skiff ran off before the southerly wind along the western side of the reef ; and many followed her

along the ridge. Soon she was out of the ring of broken water, and in the full sweep of the ocean waves, looking but a speck on their crests and furrows; and so low was the land above the water that in less than an hour she was out of sight.

## CHAPTER XII.

### DE SCANIS IN COMMAND.

AND now De Scanis was king of this nation in miniature. Like Lady Jane Grey, he was to be but a nine days' monarch, though not a nine days' wonder. And his reign was to be peaceful and prosperous, with no startling event to distinguish it. His only strife was to be with the elements, which were to give him quite sufficient occupation.

An hour after Pelsart had vanished in the watery waste, the storm burst forth in all its old fury. The rain came down in torrents, and the wind increased to a gale, that threatened to make a clean sweep of everything on the island. The danger was great for all, and, ably and willingly helped, the new commander proved equal to the emergency.

With many a strut and stay the tents were strengthened. The spare sails brought ashore by Pelsart were all put to use. Some of them became extra coverings; some of them were made into tanks

to catch the rain, and so solve the water difficulty. At several places, where a gully ran down to the sea, the end on the shore was stopped up with canvas and stones and mud, and the gullies became reservoirs. An old book informs us, with a glimmering of a great truth, that dam is a word much in use in the low countries; and dams ending in m or n as the case might be, were very plentiful on Pelsart's island. But, though the language of the workers was over-garnished, the work was genuine.

And to this over-garnishment with exclamatory adjectives this will be the only allusion. Let it be understood throughout that the conversations herein reported are freely rendered from the "tarpaulin" lingo of the old Dutch, and that in the modernization it has been thought best to save space by omitting the numerous dashes that the decencies of modern manners would have required in any attempt to note the occurrence of the expletive.

The ponding back of the water torrent was quite a popular employment. It was a public work that all could see the use of at the very outset. Rival theories there were, of course, as to the proper way in which the subject should be treated. Fortunately the rain was abundant enough, and lasted long enough, for most of these to have a fair trial; and as the failures were

obvious to the dullest, the result was that, by means of tank and barrel, gully and rock basin, the danger of a water famine was, for a time, averted.

The continuance of the storm did not prevent Heyndricks from pondering over the means of ousting De Scanis, or at least getting possession of the papers that Cornelis had left. Day after day did he wait until two of his friends among the soldiers should be on guard over them together; but somehow, owing to the arrangement of the roster, this never happened. It seemed as though some mathematician had been at work arranging the combinations, so that a Dutchman should never be on duty without a Frenchman to look after him, and that the same two should never be more than once together. Never is not quite accurate, for once in every third day two Dutchmen did come on guard together, but then one of them was Hays, and for Heyndricks' purposes he was hopeless.

Hays was only a private soldier, but during the storm and wreck he had been so ready of resource, and had done his work so well, as to gain considerable influence over his fellows. He was a tall, raw-boned, sandy man, described on the ship's list as of Leyden, and speaking the broadest and most technical of Leydenese. He had served for ten years in the Dutch armies, and spoke with unstinted admiration

of the then Stadtholder, Frederick Henry of Orange, whose life, according to his own account, he had once been the means of saving. Father and mother, he averred, he never knew, his memory taking him back only to the time when he was a boy of eighteen on a Dutch fishing boat, and wounded in a fight with a Dunkirker, the blow on the head he then received having knocked away all power of earlier recollection. It was a convenient blow for Hays, and it saved him much trouble. The loss of memory in such a way was possible. Cases of the sort were, however, rare, and the mention of the fact always led to a discussion, under cloud of which Hays escaped all further inquiry as to his origin. From the place of his death he would seem to have been a Scot abroad, but, if so, he kept his nationality hid in a very un-Scotsmanlike way; and throughout the terrible tragedy that is herein related he spoke no word but Leydenese, and was as good a Dutchman as any of his companions.

In his admiration of the Stadtholder he could not but be loyal to the Stadtholder's representative. All through the voyage he had given proof that the captain's orders were to him unquestionable. He, of all the soldiers, might be trusted to prove true; and he had long been marked as one of the first to fall when the time came to strike. He was a thorough



soldier, master of his weapons, and always on the alert. To take him unawares was not easy, especially as he was one of the few temperate men in the ship, and had never been known to drink more than was good for him. Heyndricks feared him with an instinctive feeling that he could not explain. Hays' position was of the humblest—he was merely one of the men; and yet the steward felt that one day this soldierly man might be his master. No wonder, then, that in all Heyndricks' plans for the recovery of the papers there was a general condition that Hays should not be on duty.

One thing was clear to the steward: that was, if he could get the box away unobserved, De Scanis would hardly miss it, and, if he did miss it, he would probably be satisfied with any explanation rather than proceed to extremities with the thief. If no blood was shed all would be well. How then could he steal the box? One of the boys might do it. But which one? Derrik? He was always with Hays. Abraham? He was close friends with Derrik. Decker—the boy now acting as servant to De Scanis? He might do. But how could the attention of the guard be called away?

Night after night went past, and there was no sign of Pelsart's return; and the islanders concluded that

the boat had gone down in the storm; and Heyndricks thought of plan after plan, and could make up his mind to none. But on the Sunday night following Pelsart's departure an idea came to him that solved his difficulties.

"I have it!" he said to himself; "Lucretia!"

Lucretia was a widow. Baldwin van der Milen had been seen to be swept overboard on the night that Cornelis had disappeared, and nothing more had been seen or heard of him. That he was drowned there could be little doubt—but there was a doubt. And his widow had been in tears ever since, not for his loss, but lest he should come back to her, though this fear was not the *main* reason for her tears, which was chiefly due to her real grief at the loss of Cornelis, whom at all costs she had resolved to marry. She was fair and florid and forty, and just the sort of woman we see sought after by bushy-browed dark little men. She it was who had persuaded her husband to join the colony, intending to get rid of him somehow before long, and link her fortunes with those of Cornelis, whom she had met in the apothecary's shop at Haarlem. Van der Milen had been admitted into the plot for the capture of the ship, but he had not been admitted into Lucretia's plot for the capture of the supercargo. For eight months he had had the pleasure

of contemplating the scheme against another man's life in ignorance of that against his own; and he had gone to his watery grave considering himself a genius, and being, in fact, a fool. But as he had had all the bliss of anticipation, and none of the disappointment of realization, who can say that Van der Milen was not happy?

That Lucretia was not a Borgia was less owing to her tendencies than to the tools and temptations not coming in her way. Scruples she had none; consideration for others never troubled her; only one thing she thought of—her own way, which she would have, if she could, even though the whole solar system would have to stop to give it her.

Heyndricks knew her character well; and he was afraid of her. He had thought of her many times as likely to help him into possession of the papers he had persuaded himself were so valuable, but he had always shrunk from trusting her. He had been wide awake enough to see that an intrigue was in progress between her and Cornelis, and, now Cornelis was gone, he could not help suspecting that she would put in a claim to his belongings. Now he had thought of a scheme by which he could make use of her and checkmate her, and, as he muttered her name to himself, he took his pipe from his lips, and blew a broad ring of smoke into the damp night air.

Fortune favoured Heyndricks. As he crossed to the tent he noticed a figure at the end of the ridge looking out towards the wreck. It was Van der Milen's widow.

"Miserable night to be out," said the steward, as he reached her.

"I am accustomed to misery now," was the reply.

"Just so," said Heyndricks, "and I sympathize with you. What with your poor husband gone, and our friend Jerome gone with him, to talk over matters in another world, perhaps, ——"

"Heyndricks, be silent. I will hear no scoffing."

"Just so ; just so. Now, I have been thinking about Jerome to-night, and I came to say something to you. That he is dead, I have no doubt ; and he left behind him certain things, which are now under guard, to be sold by-and-by ; but there may be something in those things that will do neither Jerome's memory, nor you, nor me, nor any of us any good."

"What have I to do with what he has left behind?"

"Nothing, perhaps ; and perhaps a good deal. You, at least, knew as much as I did, and it would be safer for you to have a look at what there may have been left before it goes into other hands."

"How can I see it, when it is under guard ?"

"I will get it for you—if you will give me your help."

"What am I to do?"

"Make yourself charming, as you always are; but let one man in particular be aware of the fact."

"Which man?"

"Well, Boniver, the Frenchman, who will be on guard to-morrow night; or, if the roster is shifted, to the man who is on guard at any time with Van Bremen."

"What else?"

"Get him away from his post, somehow, or keep him out of sight. Van Bremen will be blind, and I will have a boy, who can carry off the box, and give it to you. Anything private you can take; the rest you can hand over or burn."

"What risk do I run?"

"None at all. You need know nothing about the box until you see it. I'll see that the boy gets it away. All you have to do is to call off the attention of the sentry."

"What time to-morrow night?"

"That we must see. It depends on Van Bremen. He is sure to be on duty before or after midnight; we shall know in the morning both the time and the man so that you can begin making yourself agreeable whenever you feel inclined. Is it agreed?"

"Yes."

"Then, good night, Lucretia. I am not a weeping widow, and it is rather too wet for me to stay out late."

Heyndricks turned off towards the tent, and left the woman looking out towards the *Batavia*. That the steward was not straightforward she knew, and she did not trust his promises; but it was clear to her that the papers were better even in his possession than where they were, and that she might secure them eventually, even if the boy did not hand them over as promised. And she intended to have them somehow, for she was loyal to the man she loved, and would not have left a stone unturned to shield him or his memory.

And as Lucretia thought over the past, and the series of strange mishaps that had come to foil the well-laid scheme of the vessel's capture, she looked out across the restless, foam-streaked waves, at the distant hull, that the sea had now razed to the main deck. The poop had gone entirely; the upper deck had gone all but a fragment; bit by bit the waves had continued the dismantling, breaking away in detail, and never in a mass. It was as if a carpenter had been at work, able to tackle only one at a time of her planks or timbers, so slowly and so gradually had she been knocked away by the ceaseless battering of the waves. From her coral cradle she had never moved, though

the storm had risen to great violence several times during the week. There away she loomed large through the rain, like a low limestone cliff, and disintegrating like a cliff under the action of the weather and the sea.

Little knew those on shore that the battered hulk was the supercargo's prison; little did they know of the agony of the man who had been left behind to die a painful death. Morning after morning they looked and sorrowed at the damage wrought by the sea during the night; bit by bit their old friend was vanishing: little did they imagine that every plank torn from the ship was a step towards a rescue!

Cornelis had been stunned, not killed, and for hours he lay unconscious. He had heard nothing of the replacement of the hatch, for it was not till early on Sunday, long after the crew had left, that he awoke and found himself lying on the sacks at the larboard side of the hold.

It took him a long time to make this out, for all was dark around him, and memory at first he had none. Trying to think of what he had been thinking last, he at length recollected Derrik's remark as to Uncle Pieters. This gave him the clue, and he recalled his search for Heyndricks and his fall through the air.

"I fell down the hold, and stunned myself," said he; "my head is so bad. But how am I to get out? Can I make them hear?"

For a while he lay and listened. There was the swish and gurgle of the waves, and the thrill and creak and groan of the sorely-strained ship; but there was no sound of footsteps overhead, no noise to denote that men were on board. Had he been deserted?

He tried to raise himself, but he was weak, and the effort was nearly too much for him. He tried to shout, but his voice refused to come stronger than a whisper.

"I am ill," he said; "but I must eat!"

Groping about him in the dark his hand touched some broken biscuit on one of the sacks, but no sooner had he felt it than he fainted.

It was a long faint—how long he never knew—but he came to himself again at last. Still there was no sound of companions. He remembered the biscuit he had touched, and he managed to eat it, though his mouth was too parched for him to taste.

Then he summoned all his resolution to make a stroke for his life, and he dragged himself a few feet, slowly and painfully, among broken cases and casks. Suddenly his hand splashed into two or three inches of spirit—the last pool of a broken barrel. He smelt,



he tasted, he drank, feeling about as he bent his head among the gaping staves that lay full length, and held the spirit in their bouge. And he drank like a dog.

"I have had enough," he muttered, as he lifted his head to take breath for the last time.

He had had enough—and more than enough. He had crawled but a yard further, when he lay down to sleep, and slept heavily. When he awoke it was in delirium, and the darkness seemed to him peopled with all he had injured or sought to injure, who jibed at him and triumphed over him, amid a flitting and flickering of strange sulphurous flames that in turn lighted every corner of the hold. The torture was intense ; for long did he cry for mercy ; and, when he sank into unconsciousness again from exhaustion, half the week had gone.

On the Sunday evening he awoke again. He was sane, but feebler than ever. Now he remembered everything, and understood where he was, and how he had been left. None could help him but himself. But he was too weak to crawl more than a few yards. His eyes had now grown accustomed to the darkness, and he could dimly see. And he made his way back to the sacks and broken biscuit, and drank a mouthful of the spirit he had left.

There he lay, too weak to pile up cases to the hatch,

or make some such effort to escape, listening to the waves now sweeping freely about him, wondering if he would die before they flowed in to drown him or float him out. His only hope being that the hull would be shattered all at once into wreckage—which was very unlikely.

Meanwhile the water began to rise in the hold, and come perilously near him. It was within a yard of him on Monday at noon—though he knew nothing of noon or time of any sort, and supposed he had been but a day or so in the darkness. In a couple of hours it had risen a foot.

And now there was a great crash, as a part of the ship's side, just below the main deck, was driven in by the waves. The water came pouring down through the gap as if to drown him. The broken casks came floating past in the dim light the gap admitted; the water line rose inch by inch. Was he to die like a rat in a drain?

No! Cornelis had too much resource for that, with every faculty sharpened to miss no chance of life. A case came drifting close to his elbow. He seized it, crawled on to it, put on to it a few handfuls of biscuit, and, as the water covered the sacks, he floated over them.

The ship, it will be remembered, lay considerably on

her side, so that, as the water rose on the level, the space from the deck to its surface was greater on one side than on the other. Cornelis had fallen on the port side, or larboard side as it was called in those days, and the breach beneath the deck had been made opposite to him. For a chance of life he must get across the rising lake to where the ship lay highest out of the water. To do this immediately against the stream was impossible ; and he floated along the port side as far as he could, helped by the current, and then he crossed.

Hoping that the deck would burst up as the water rose, he lay shut in in the narrowing air space. The water rose till it touched the deck on the port side, and began slowly to narrow its surface as it rose still higher against the sloping timbers. Narrower and narrower grew the lake on which Cornelis lay floating. It was not till it was a quarter up the slope that he saw a chance. If the hatch had not been fastened it would float off !

Slowly he made his way along the ship's side, nearer and nearer the inflowing stream. Eagerly did he watch as the water rose into the hatchway frame.

And at last the hatch did lift, and slip, and float away ; and with a desperate push Cornelis got into the

current, and by barely an inch floated out from under the frame.

But instantly he was swept off the case down the sloping deck, and it looked as though he would be drowned after all. But under the ship's lee, in the smoother water, lay the mainmast, that had fallen foul. Into the rigging of this he was shot as into a net. The mast was pointing away from the hull to the shore, and only one rope now held it fast. As he was thrown violently against the ropes at the masthead, the shock broke this last rope; and away the mast went from the *Batavia* towards the land.

Straight for the end of the ridge went the drifting spar, with the mainyard broken and jammed against it. Soon it was out of the shelter of the ship and in the troubled turmoil, now deep in a hollow, now high on a crest, Cornelis, to whom liberty had given a little strength, climbed up out of the water, and stood on the mast. It was nine o'clock at night, on Monday, June 15, 1629, that he came thus floating towards the shore; a bright moonlight night, the moon so bright as to overpower the light of the stars throughout the circuit of the sky. And in sharp outline was he defined, standing on the spar, against the confused mass of cordage, that, like a net, covered the upper side of the top. So boldly was he revealed, as he rose and fell on

the waves, that he was sighted from the ridge and at a most critical time.

The roster had favoured Heyndricks, and brought Boniver and Van Bremen on duty together, and Decker had just slipped into the tent to steal the important box, and Lucretia was in pleasant chat with Boniver, all unconscious of the treachery of which he was the victim. But as Lucretia happened to look out over the sea, she caught sight of the distant figure apparently walking on the waves.

"Jerome!" she gasped, and, uttering a piercing shriek, she rushed to the end of the ridge.

The whole camp was aroused, and in twos and threes and fours the multitude streamed forth to discover the meaning of the alarm. In a crowd they clustered round the cape. In the distance was the wreck; half-way between them and the wreck was the figure on the mast, coming nearer with each heave of the surge. He came but slowly, although wind and sea were beating on the land. Within two hundred yards came he. And then a strange thing happened. The current changed its direction, or the mast floated into another current, or the tide began to run out, or something happened about which the old log is mute; and Cornelis, instead of drifting to land, drifted sideways for a time, and in an hour began to approach the ship! And as

he receded from the shore, the clouds banked up over the moon, and he was lost in the darkness.

Was it a man or a spirit? Had they really seen Cornelis? All night long the folk wondered. But when day broke there was the figure on the spar still drifting about the bay. And all that day he drifted and starved, and no help could be given him, for the sea ran high and the wind beat on the shore. But all day the island people stood and watched and wondered. Night set in, and Cornelis had again started on his never-ending voyage round the eddy. Would he survive till the morning? Could they help him? Many would not; and none could.

And he was left to perish; but he did not perish. On the Wednesday morning, when the mist cleared away, the mast was aground a few yards from the beach. Cornelis seemed to be in a dead faint until eight o'clock, when he came back to life. Leisurely and painfully he lay down on the yard, which had kept beside him from the first, and had now broken away. The water was shallow, and the top prevented the mast from coming nearer the land. But the yard began to drift to shore, with the man embracing it. On it came, swinging back each instant eleven inches out of every foot. Great was the excitement on the ridge, as in this manner the supercargo came to shore.

As soon as he was within reach a rope was thrown over the spar, but he was too weak to reach it. The weight, however, helped the speed of the spar, and soon he was drawn ashore.

“Where is the koopman?” he asked, in an almost noiseless voice, as he was carried up to the tent.

“He has gone away,” said De Scanis, “and left me in charge.”

“Then, I am your superior officer, and I relieve you of your command !”

And he sank back exhausted and unconscious.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### MANŒUVRING.

ALTHOUGH he took over the command, Cornelis was too weak and ill to exercise it but nominally ; in fact, for a fortnight he hung between life and death, and it was only by Lucretia's constant care that he was restored to health.

He had been received with very mixed feelings. His welcome from De Scanis was naturally not a warm one ; indeed, had it not been for a humane impulse momentarily getting the upper hand, De Scanis would have allowed him to be carried out to sea again unhelped. In the prompt assumption of authority De Scanis saw trouble in store for the future ; and he was really vexed that the widow's undisguised affection had saved his senior officer, to take a position Pelsart never intended for him.

Heyndricks was no better pleased.

"I told you so," he growled ; "Jerome was never born to be drowned. What a fool I was to think he had gone—worse luck to him !"



The steward had not had a glimpse at the papers he so much desired to see. His minor plot had gone to water, as Jerome's major plot had. Lucretia's screams had brought it to a premature end; Decker had run out of the tent, and left the box behind him, and now the owner had claimed his own. The only satisfaction that Heyndricks had was that his leader could not reproach him with disloyalty. He had acted for the best for himself, and it so happened that that line of action was the best for the interests of all.

Zeevanck and Conrad and their companions were not sure that their leader's return boded them any good. They were, however, ready to follow him as before, as were some of the soldiers; but many of the passengers and crew bore a strong dislike to the supercargo, and hoped he would never get well enough to take the active command of their strange colony.

But Cornelis during the third week mended marvelously, and as he began to mend he began to scheme. In Pelsart's absence he was commander-in-chief. How could he best use that position to further his own ends? His plan for the capture of the *Batavia* had been frustrated by the storm and the wreck. How could he regain the influence he had lost, and make capital out of his misfortune? This did he think upon

over and over again, taking no steps until he had made up his mind, and letting things drift unaltered under De Scanis and Van Welderen.

"How would you like to be an island queen?" asked he of Lucretia, as he sat in the headquarters tent on the third Wednesday evening after his coming ashore.

"Not much, if this is to be the island," was the reply.

"Better be first than last, even on this island!" said he.

"Yes, if you can take your rank with you when you leave it."

"When do you expect to leave it, then?"

"When you lead the way, Jerome."

"That is all very well, but I do not see how to lead the way at present. Now, if Francis Pelsart were to return——"

"You might get rid of him, and seize his boat; but even that would not help you much. The shallop, the long boat, and the skiff might take some of us——"

"Where to?"

"Is not there a large island to the east of us?"

"Yes, but a barren one, and swarming with savages, so that we should be as badly off there as here."

"We could not be worse off. And if it is not too

far, the boats might come back for those the first lot left behind."

"They might, but I don't think they would. Now if a ship were to come along we might get taken on board, and then——"

"Become her owners! Is that what you mean?"

"Yes."

"But when is the ship coming?"

"Everything comes to those who wait! This is a landmark on the ocean which ships come near to avoid. And I feel certain in my own mind that a ship will come. But I do not want her too soon. I must first get this island into ship-shape, with the crew ready to do my bidding in everything. Then we can strike, and strike hard, and the ship we get will be as good to us as the *Batavia*."

"Better, much better, let it be!"

"Don't be unreasonable. You couldn't have a better ship. You might have better luck."

"Better luck be it, then—even if Pelsart brings the ship."

This, then, was Jerome's plan, to rule the island as if it were a ship at anchor, to make passengers and crew his partisans, to entice a ship in from the offing, and then to capture her, and sail away. And how was he to win over the people to whom he had so

strangely returned, and by what means was he to mould them like wax to his will?

He was a born demagogue, a true apostle of that gospel of the pinching shoe which has done so much for our development.

"Does not the universe," he said to Bastians, "exist for the comfort of mankind? Ought not the stars be stopped in their courses that man may be made happy?" The preacher was puzzled; the proposition seemed reasonable, but somehow he felt that it was absurd.

"How can men be happy until they are equal?" continued Cornelis. "All are born equal, are they not? All die equal, do they not?"

Bastians could not but assent, and then, feeling uneasy, he suddenly remembered he wanted a walk by the shore.

Equality! That was to be the text from which Cornelis was to preach, as he had preached on board the *Batavia*. "First," said he to himself, "we must have all equal, in order to get a level start, and then I'll be their master." He had to the full the love of power; and he intended to enjoy his power to the full—when he got it. And he was to get it through the democracy.

Now, the preacher of a democracy is always sure of

an audience. The appeal to a man on the ground that you are no better than he is is always irresistible. "We are all alike," says the tempter, "we are all men, are we not—constructed all of us on the same physiological lines, as nearly perfect as possible; why should we not take counsel together and settle matters to our liking?"

Man is the aristocracy of the animal kingdom; and yet man hates the aristocrat. Hatred of aristocracy is the distinctive mark of radicalism, and yet it is the very essence of conservatism, being in truth the glorious gospel of stick-still in excelsis. "Let us be equal!" said the ascidian. "Why should anything be greater than I am? Why should anything rule over me? Do not I know what is best for myself, and am I not, I myself, the only thing of importance in this universe? Brethren, let us all stick in the mud! Here we are; here let us remain!"

But there was an ascidian who saw further than his fellows, and—— But that was a very long time ago, and we are now in the nineteenth century A.D.

And the thought of the ascidian is common amongst us. And those who see further are here, very much up and down in the crowd; and many of those who so see turn their gift to their own ends, and become, as Cornelis did, leaders to perdition. And the suffering

ascidians, knowing not where they should go, take the lead again into their own hands. "Let us all lead! Those in high places see no further through the fog than we do! Our leaders have found their position so expensive, that they have had to marry money to pay the cost of breeding, and have sunk to mere money-baggery! Let us put checks upon them! But our checks fail! Down with the leaders, then! Let us have mouthpieces and not leaders! Let every trade under the sun, from absorbent-factors to zinc-workers, work the world for its own benefit. Let us all govern everybody else—in fact, let us be equal!" With the aid of newspaper articles supplying pap of our own choosing, with science based on Darwin and politics built on Moses, we are to jog along to universal happiness!

Man does not govern the universe, but that is no reason why he should not try to do so. And yet nothing is more difficult than the management of men, even of our own kin. The average man knows nothing of the art, and cannot know it. How many men in a workshop are there fit to be foreman? How many clerks are there in an office fit to guide the rest?

The supercargo's plot moved in the well-worn groove now so familiar to us—agitation, demonstration, many meetings, much talk. To one and the other he

appealed, and with his honeyed tongue won back all who had thought of deserting him. On Sunday, the 5th of July, matters had advanced so much, that after church—"We must have a church," he had said to Lucretia; "the church is the truest friend of the democracy"—he called a public meeting, to which came a deputation from the detachment under Van Welderen, which, now that a little water had been found on the island, numbered over eighty men, women, and children. The object of the meeting was one in which all could take an interest, being merely what should be the name of the island on which they had been wrecked: a trivial matter, perhaps, but there is a great deal in names, even amongst the democracy. There is still need of title and pageant to tickle the crowd. Is there not a republic with a Legion of Honour? Do not our many-headed love the Lord Mayor's Show?

Cornelis was far too clever to push himself obtrusively forward. It was sufficient for him to be wire-puller; let his greatness be thrust upon him, as assuredly it would be if he only played his cards properly. Although the commander-in-chief, he let it generally be known that in his eyes all were equal in public matters, and that he intended to attend the meeting he had called merely as one of the crowd.

The first duty was to elect a chairman; and, seeing

a certain Heindrick Jans van Purmerent, a windy enthusiast, very anxious to distinguish himself, Cornelis proposed that he should preside.

"For I know," said the supercargo, "that he has given great attention to the subject of the meeting."

Van Purmerent was only too glad of a chance for public speaking and of filling a prominent place among his fellows. He was all for equality, but he liked to be first. He was an old man, with white hair and a narrow, wrinkled, retreating forehead, which his friends called "massive." He had been striving for years to obtain a reputation as an orator in the old country, and had now come abroad chiefly on account of his failure to obtain the attention he thought he deserved.

He was a capital chairman for such a meeting. He could keep fair order, and would not be taken too seriously. It was very evident that he was not offensively superior to his fellows. He professed to be what to-day we would call a Socialist—that is, a man who has not the courage to be free. Freedom means battle; and the battle ends in the bettering of the record, in the advance of the race. The weak fear to be free. When they are slaves they are fed and kept like beasts of burden, for it is to their master's advantage they should remain in health. Emancipate them; let them seek their livelihood for themselves; and



down they slip in their struggle with their fellow-man. So cruel is the crush, so hopeless are they, that they would barter their birthright for the means of living. And loud and bitter is their cry—"We once were the slaves of the individual; we were freed; we failed; take us back to the comfort we lost, and make us the slaves of the State; but call us not slaves, but Socialists!" But the Socialism of Van Purmerent, like that of a good many others, was merely veneer. His ideal was a national workshop, in which the wages were paid to the Dutchman, and the work was done by the Jew.

"Fellow castaways on this desert isle!" said he to the picturesque mob around him.

"That is good!" said Zeevanck.

"Order, order, on the desert isle!" said Heyndricks.

"What does he begin like that for?" asked Judith Bastians of Derrik.

"It is the usual way, I believe," said Derrik, looking at her admiringly. And really she looked very nice in her bright Sunday gown that had been saved unspotted by the sea.

"Fellow castaways on this desert isle!" continued Van Purmerent, repeating his opening phrase, "this is the most important moment of our lives!"

And it was true, for the present is always the most

important moment of our lives. It may seem but trifling we are engaged in, but who can say what that trifling may lead to? And the sentiment was cheered, or, rather, greeted with an approving grunt.

“Of our lives, I say!” Another grunt. “We have been thrown on this island, far away from our homes; we are all brothers in misfortune”—another general grunt—“we are all, through our peril, entitled to make our voices heard at the most important moment of our lives!” Here the grunts became more enthusiastic, and almost developed into a cheer. “I need not recall to your memories the terrible road by which we reached our present dwelling-place. Nor need I speak——”

“Then don’t,” said Hays, who was on sentry duty at the tent.

“Know your duty, sir,” said the orator, turning sharply round on him, and then, continuing: “I told him to know his duty,” he said to the crowd.

“Quite right!” said Lamberts; “but get an offing, mynheer—get an offing!”

This raised a laugh.

“We all ought to know our duties—that is, what we know are our duties—or what we think are our duties—or what we have been led to believe are the proper undertakings to be entered upon with that solemnity and seriousness and reverence for precedent which has

ever distinguished the great people to which so many, and I might say all, or nearly all, or rather all but five or six, or I am not sure if there are not seven or even eight, who cannot claim to be representative of that great people to which so many of us—when all are gathered together from far and near to show to the united world that all dissension between us, as they perform their duties, or as the castaways on a desert island——”

“Long live the castaways!” shouted Van Bremen, hoarsely. And there was a feeble and flickering cheer, and some laughter, during which Van Purmerent saw there was no necessity to get the sentence home.

He began again as if he had finished it satisfactorily.

“But I need not detain you longer. Our cause is just and reasonable. Here we are; but where are we? We cannot tell our fathers or our mothers, or our unborn babes, where they should look when their hearts beat lovingly high in their souls, and their little eyes turn towards the setting of that great luminary which is the same now and for ever, and always moves in the way you know so well!”

A cheer broke the eloquent stream. It came from the back of the ring, and was welcomed with a grate-

ful nod from the speaker, who continued, with increased vigour :

“ Yes ; we are nameless ! We want a name ! Without a name we are nothing. Comrades, take counsel together. In the prime of your manhood, and your womanhood, too, for all here are as one ; we know no distinction of sex or age ; we are all in common ; and under the blue vault of the cloudless sky, where the mists of centuries build the thrones from which look down upon us all those glorious dwellers in the great stream of liberty that have been laid in their graves ; under that blue but cloudy vault, I say, take counsel together. What shall be our name ? I leave it to you, comrades, to propose.”

There was a confused murmur for quite a minute.

“ What is the first proposition ? ” asked the chairman.

There was a shout from some of “ De Scanis.”

De Scanis was pushed forward into the middle of the ring. His speech was short and much to the point, but not, strictly speaking, satisfactory.

“ Really, my friends,” said he, with painful distinctness, “ it is a matter of profound indifference to me what you call this miserable rock. No name you give it will make it pleasanter for me. I have nothing to propose.”

This was a damper, the effect of which Cornelis called at once on Bastians to remove.

"Has the preacher nought to propose?" he asked.

"Well," said Bastians, "I should call it the *Batavia*."

"But it isn't the *Batavia*," objected Van Welderen.

"Let us receive the proposition," said Cornelis, interposing. "A name might be fixed upon which would combine the idea of the reverend gentleman with one from a less sacred source."

"Why not call it 'Batavia Island'?" asked Conrad,

"That, mynheer," said the chairman, "is the same idea as our worthy friend's, put in a different form; and it does not meet with the approval of the meeting. Now, I have an idea, not that it is my place to have an idea or make a proposition. But perhaps some one present may think fit to put my idea into proper form. I suggest that we call our island 'Batavia's Grave'!"

"Excellent!" shouted Zeevanck. "I propose that we call this island 'Batavia's Grave.'"

"I will support that," said Cornelis.

"It is a melancholy but sweet reminder of our misfortunes," said Van Purmerent. "I put the resolution."

And it was carried unanimously.

“Comrades,” said Van Purmerent, “I congratulate you. Let us cheer ‘Batavia’s Grave.’”

And nearly all joined in a loud cheer. Nearly all, but not quite, for there were some who thought the island would be the grave of more than the *Batavia*.

However, Cornelis was contented with the result. He had induced the people to act together, and, by letting a passenger take the nominal lead, he had provided a subject for conversation that would further his scheme. “All things from the people”—that was axiom No. 1. “The people should pull down their present governors”—that was axiom No. 2. “The people cannot get on without a governor”—that was axiom No. 3. “They must make me governor, and then I can do what I like with them”—that was the conclusion of the whole matter.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE BROTHERLY BOND.

BUT Cornelis had a past, and the past can never be shaken off. Our thoughts and actions are as much a part of us as our food; and no food we take is without influence on our future. Often that of which we are least conscious affects our lives the most; sometimes the memory of some one action, of which at first we think little, grows and grows, until it is a terror to us. Cornelis was not given to thinking over what had been; his conscience was not a tender one. He had done many dastardly things, and each had made the next one easier. He had not prospered as he had hoped; but it was not in his enterprises he had failed, for he had carried them all through to his satisfaction; it was that an unkind fate had always struck in with the unexpected, and snatched the cup from his lips just as he had sipped it; and the sip of sweetness made him try again. His last enterprise had been so striking an instance of this, that he could not forget it. Just as wealth was within his grasp, it had been snatched from him.

Maurice Pieters of Haarlem was the eldest representative of one of the best families in Holland. He had a sister, Margaret, and a brother, Luycas. Maurice was a money-maker; he started with ample means, and everything prospered with him. His good fortune was proverbial. Venture as he might, and he ventured often, the end was invariably to his advantage. In his endeavour to shoot a sparrow, he always hit his eagle. His petty schemes, entered upon with a want of foresight palpable to his fellow merchants, would fail as his fellow merchants expected, but in their failure took a new development which brought him tenfold greater profit than he had ever dreamt of. With Cornelis the schemes went right, and in the moment of triumph the unexpected snatched the prize away; with Pieters the schemes went wrong, but the unexpected never failed to console him with a richer prize than he had schemed for. Verily, an exasperating man was Mynheer Maurice Pieters.

Jan Derrik was the son of Margaret Pieters, the sister of this Dutch Fortunatus. She had married when well on in life, and a month after her child's birth, in 1613, her husband had died. Needless to say her husband had quarrelled with Maurice over one of his absurd schemes, and she, a woman of sound common-sense, had taken her husband's part. But the scheme



as usual with Maurice, had gone all wrong of itself, and led to a great success. Whereupon reconciliation of Maurice with the widow, and a tolerably happy life together henceforth, in which he did his best to help her in her sorrow. But in two years Margaret died, and little Jan Derrik became his rich uncle's pet. Good, old, well-meaning Maurice blundered along in his delightful way, and, being obstinate and testy, managed next to quarrel with his younger brother Luycas, who would have been a successful merchant if it had not been for his love of soldiering. Luycas was a born soldier, and, though for years he kept his inclinations severely under control, yet out they burst at last, and away he went rejoicingly to fight against the French, with the result we know.

Next came Derrik's turn. In running round a room he had stumbled over a chair, and, to save himself, had caught hold of a table, which upset, with all that was on it. One of the things on it was an old vase that had been in the family for many years; and, as Maurice happened to come in at the door just as the vase broke to pieces on the floor, the old man had some excuse for an explosion of anger. The boy answered that he could not help the vase being broken, and thereupon incensed the uncle to such a degree that in the end he was ordered out of the house, never to enter it again.

"Go!" the old man had said; "go to that swash-buckler, your uncle Luycas. You are just like him. Go to La Rochelle, and never let me set eyes on you again!"

And away went Derrik to uncle Luycas, who was not at all surprised to see him, and adopted him as his son.

"Don't go near your uncle Maurice till he sends for you," said Luycas. "Leave him alone, and you will find all will come right in the long run."

And so Derrik stayed at La Rochelle.

But here was Maurice Pieters, a wealthy man, with no kin left to quarrel with. And there happened what has often happened. An acquaintance resolved to be his heir.

The acquaintance, Willelm van Dordrecht, an unscrupulous and successful trader, took Cornelis into counsel and an arrangement was made on the half profits system, the apothecary to do the dirty work, the gentleman to confer the artistic merit. Maurice Pieters died in a month, slowly poisoned by the apothecary. He had made his will, disowning all his relatives, and leaving his fortune to Van Dordrecht.

The scheme had been well planned, and well carried out. Maurice had died apparently in a natural way; the will was all in order; nobody came forward to

dispute it; there was not a whisper of suspicion of foul play.

But alas! for the unkind fate! There was in Maurice's service, a self-conceited empty-headed youth, whose ambition it was to be a lady-killer. This lady-killing clerk resolved to begin his career with every appliance of modern science, and, expecting that he might have to write a good many letters to the young ladies he intended to subdue, bethought himself of an ink that would vanish from the paper after a week or two, and leave no trace of his promises behind. In fact he sought a "breach of promise ink," and after some search he found it. Having no intention of paying for a supply, he brought the ink to the notice of his master as likely to prove a profitable investment; and Maurice, *more suo*, was persuaded to send for a sample, and order a keg. A characteristic venture, it may be thought? So it was; but wait for the end.

Koster saw that his old master was dying, and, being much hindered in his lady-killing pursuits by the extra work thrust upon him by Van Dordrecht, whom he very much disliked, he resolved to be revenged. And, being gifted with a sort of humour of the practical joking order, not infrequent among youths of his mental

calibre, he deliberately filled up all the inkstands in the house from the keg of vanishing ink, so that, when Van Dordrecht came into possession, he would find the records of the business faded away. For a fortnight the books of the house of Maurice Pieters were kept in this "breach of promise" fluid—and then the old man died. Koster was dismissed the day after Maurice's death, and, keeping the secret to himself, went off to Alkmaar, leaving the new clerk and Van Dordrecht to continue the business on the same terms, as far as the ink was concerned.

Like the books, the letters, and the drafts, the will, for which so much had been risked, was written in this ink; and, like them, it was in a month merely a sheet of blank paper! Great was the consternation of the conspirators. Although it was proved that the writing was visible when the will was first presented for official certification, yet no copy had been made, and the court refused to grant action on a blank sheet of paper. The decision was that old Maurice's property must go to the next-of-kin.

The shrewd old lawyers were suspicious that all was not right, and thought it best for all parties, themselves included, to keep the money in hand as long as possible. And people began to talk and shake their heads, and

hint that old Pieters had met with foul play ; and finally, after a six months' residence in Haarlem, Cornelis found it convenient to take to the sea again.

As a physician he had been a failure ; and, as Van Dordrecht said :

“ What is the use of an apothecary who cannot revive invisible ink ? ”

Then it was that Cornelis thought of the scheme of capturing the *Batavia*, and, to get rid of him pleasantly, Van Dordrecht procured him the appointment as super-cargo, and found the money to pay the gang it was thought necessary to take to sea to make assurance sure.

In the early days of the voyage Cornelis had thought but little of this irritating fiasco—for it was irritating for an accomplished villain like the apothecary to be foiled by such simple means—but since his encounter with Derrik on the wreck he had pondered over it again and again, and was now ready with a new scheme.

Was Derrik the son of Maurice Pieters' sister ? If so, why had he not heard of his uncle's death ? If he lived he would have all his uncle's wealth that the lawyers felt inclined to hand over. Remain good friends with Derrik until he came into his property, and then—what could be easier ? Cornelis would get a share of Maurice's money after all.

Hitherto Cornelis had taken little notice of Derrik,

but as soon as he came ashore he inquired after him affectionately, and sent for him to wait on him. Derrik was not particularly pleased at the distinction. He did not like Cornelis; and he was suspicious of the kind inquiries as to his uncle and his life at La Rochelle which the supercargo was now so affable as to make. He had left Haarlem before Cornelis had come there, so that they had not seen each other before they met on the *Batavia*, and Cornelis did not improve upon acquaintance.

But Jerome was no dolt. He saw that his advances were not appreciated; and he changed his tack. Instead of talking of friendship to the boy, he talked of duty, and treated him more distantly, but always kindly and justly, and when this meeting for the naming of the island was held, he had not only assured himself of Derrik's identity, but made fair progress towards acquiring an influence over him.

The week following the meeting was a busy one for the supercargo and his partisans. On both islands they worked indefatigably on what was practically the subversion of discipline. Every little grievance was discussed at a meeting, and every chance of discussion that offered was seized upon to obtain an expression of opinion by vote. The passengers were delighted, the sailors were most of them disgusted. The soldiers,

especially the Frenchmen, were horrified. Hays lost no opportunity of speaking out on the subject.

"There is something in the background of all this. There is mischief brewing, my lads," he said to the Frenchmen; "this sort of thing is too loving to last. Expressing opinion, indeed! It will soon come to repressing opinion, you'll find. Keep your weather eye open, and look out for squalls."

Hays was evidently going to be an irreconcilable, a reactionist probably. So was Lamberts. And, strange to say, old Zeevanck began to waver.

"I don't understand this kind of thing," he said to Conrad. "What is the use of a lot of fools going on in this way? Give me a master to serve. I wouldn't give that"—and he was very rude in his gesture—"I wouldn't give that for all the talk on the island!"

"Patience, Zeevanck," said Conrad; "wait a little. You'll see wonders in a day or so."

The wonders took the shape of a great public meeting on the Sunday. Bastians preached a short sermon on the blessings of peace and goodwill among men, and the need of brotherly love in times of danger; and he preached well, for the dangers through which he had passed had strengthened him marvellously. "Let brotherly love continue," was his text, which had been suggested to him by Cornelis, who had made prepara-

tions accordingly. And as soon as the service was over Van Purmerent mounted a barrel, and began to harangue.

"Fellow citizens of Batavia's Grave!" he said, "we have heard to-day an eloquent lesson on the blessings of brotherly love. Are we not all brothers?"

"There are a few sisters," suggested Zeevanck.

"Do not interrupt me," said Van Purmerent, "the greater includes the less."

"But we are all equal," persisted Zeevanck; "there is no greater and no less."

"It is all the same thing. Is it not, my brothers and sisters?"

"Yes! Yes! Go on!" said voices in the crowd.

"And if it is all the same thing, why should we not bind ourselves here, this moment, the most important moment in our lives, when the salt sea-breeze is wafting its spray on to the—the——"

"Batavia's Grave," suggested Conrad.

"That, mynheer, is what I would have said. Why should we not make a declaration of our freedom and fraternity? Peace and love!—the two greatest gifts that man received when, on the banks of the river of Eden, he sat down, and, like an angel, wept? Peace and love banished from this world by kings and emperors! Why should not quarrel cease? Why should not we, the



dwellers on Batavia's Grave, set a bright example to the ages that have been, and the ages that are to be, by signing a declaration! Let us declare! Let us declare that, on this lonely spot, in the midst of the encircling ocean waves, we at least will be peaceful, and begin a reign—a reign——”

“We want no rain!” said Boniver.

“Hush!” said Bastians, “hush! The intention is good. Hear the speaker to the end.”

The appeal had its effect, and the orator burst forth again into a florid apostrophe of the blessings of peace, concluding with an intimation that he had a sheet of paper in his pocket, on which he had inscribed, as he said, “the message of goodwill.” He descended from his cask-head amid general applause, and Cornelis then made a short speech, congratulating the crowd on having such eloquent speakers as Bastians and Van Purmerent, and expressing his earnest hope that they would all sign “the brotherly bond.”

And they all did, all who could write, there in the sunshine, the bond unrolled on the cask-head, and with all its vacant spaces filled with signatures in very straggling order. Here is the bond, in the strange Old Dutch, just as it was spelt and written:—

Wy ondersz Persoonen, om alle misvertrouwen die onder ons is ofte komen mochte wech te nemen, verbinden by dese malkanderen op onser zielen saligheydt, ende den grootsten eedt, van dat Godt ons soo waerachtelijck moet helpen, den anderen in alles getrouw to wesen, ende broederlijke liefde toe dragen; dat wy ondergeteeckenden den anderen oock in miusten aen lijf ofte goederen sullen beschadighen, voor den vrede eerst malkanderen mondelijck op=gheseydt te hebben; in kennisse van welke desen op den 12 Julij 1629, op't Eyland Bataviaes Kerckhof geteechent.

And this is a translation, for the benefit of those whose knowledge of Old Dutch may not extend beyond cheese:—

“ We, the undersigned, in order to remove all cause of dispute that is, or may, come amongst us, hereby bind ourselves, on the faith of our souls, and by the most solemn oath, so help us God, to be faithful to each other in everything, and hold each other in brotherly love, that we, the undersigned, may not in any way hurt one another in body or goods, until we have first given due notice by word of mouth. In witness whereof, we have signed this, the 12th of July, 1629, on the island of Batavia’s Grave.”

A quaint old document, with a curious saving clause, that was not put in it undesignedly, as we soon shall know.

## CHAPTER XV.

### MATCHMAKING.

A HAPPY day was the Monday after the signing of the brotherly bond. A spirit of peace hovered over the island with the mournful name, a feeling of brotherhood influenced all, even those who were in the secret of the conspiracy and those who scoffed at the whole proceeding. Cornelis was particularly pleased at the result of his intrigues.

"We had equality last Sunday, my dear," he said to Lucretia; "and we had fraternity this."

"And when are we going to have liberty?" asked Lucretia.

"Oh, that they had long ago, but they didn't know it. They must go through the mill again before they have another run."

"But they never had liberty," objected Lucretia.

"No, my love," said Cornelis, "nor will they have. Liberty existed only in the past, when we were not there to prove its non-existence. It is like happi-

ness, a thing never of the present, and always out of reach before and behind us!"

Evidently Cornelis had dipped into political literature in the days of his apothecary-hood. Perhaps, then, as now, it was a drug in the market!

"And what is to be done next?" asked Lucretia.

"Leave them alone for a day or two, and let them quarrel, as they are sure to do. And by the way, my dearest, it would do us good to allow it to be known that we two are soon to be married!"

"What, in the name of holy Providence, can that have to do with the matter?"

"Everything, my love. It interests the women, and makes them talk about us."

"Jerome! You are a horror! I don't care to be talked about!"

"Why not? The best thing for you—and for me. It keeps our names always on their lips. It accustoms them to think that we are somebodies. For if we were not somebodies, why should they talk about us? You may depend upon it, my love, the best way to popularity is the wedding way. You see every man may have a wife, and every woman may have a husband, even the poorest and the foolishest. It is the one matter all can appreciate. It is like birth and death, common to us all—or it ought to be—and

we can't choose our birth, and can't always arrange our death, but we have some control over our marriage, unless, as in my case, the fate is irresistible. And all will sympathize——”

“Sympathize, indeed!”

“I don't mean sympathize in that sense, I mean envy. Now, let us tell Bastians we are thinking of matrimony. Bastians will publish it abroad officially, and all the world will be talking about us.”

“We are sufficiently well known already, I think,” said Lucretia.

“Let us hope not,” said Cornelis. “At any rate, let us be talked about more than we have been. You have no idea how much better it will be for us.”

And so it became bruited abroad that the happy community of Batavia's Grave were soon to have the pleasure of being called to a wedding; and the names of Cornelis and the widow were on every one's tongue.

Jerome was not far wrong in his tactics. There is no surer means to popularity than a well-advertised marriage—particularly if the populace have nothing to pay towards the expense.

Meanwhile Jan Derrik and Judith Bastians were drifting together. A very different union theirs would be, if destiny did not forbid the banns.

What is love? Does the poet sing mere nonsense? No. But love cometh not to all, or rather the music does not sound when the heart is in tune to answer. To few does a word express exactly the same shade of meaning; and the difference in degree may be so great as to be really a difference in kind.

Something we call love, something which is a cheap imitation, falls to most of us; and because it ends in dust and ashes, we deny the existence of the sweet original. To love, in its true sense, the brutes are seemingly insensible. The savage knows it not. It is not even a "classic" passion. It cannot be traced on the slopes of Olympus; it is not shown in the many amours of Venus, so-called "Goddess of Love," though she be. It came to us later, with the higher race, and the new civilization that gave us the worship of the wife.

Though unkind fate might keep them apart, Derrik and Judith were but half knowingly being linked together with the mystic chain that would endure to the end. They might strain their utmost to forget; yet long as life lasted they would love.

"Judith," said Derrik, as they walked by the shore, "I am ever thinking of you."

"And, Jan, I think often of you—though I should not."

"Why not? You are very dear to me."

"It ill beseems a maiden——"

"And doth it not ill beseem a man? Did not Eve think much of Adam in Eden?"

"It was a poor compliment to Adam, for she had no other choice!"

"Judith!"

But little they thought of the danger in store for them. The daring brain of Cornelis was at work for the safe ruling of all these people, and on the Thursday after the meeting he was busy with a scale of rewards and punishments. Among other arrangements he had made for the good of the people that were to be his, was the way in which the women were to be paired off.

On the list he had drawn up he had assigned Judith Bastians to Conrad van Huyssen.

"She is yours, Conrad," said Cornelis; "you had better talk to her, and you can be married the same day as I am."

To Heyndricks the offer was made of Margaret, Judith's comely maid, but the old steward was not to be tempted.

"No, thank you, Jerome. I'll look on while you are all so busy. I married once, and that was enough; and, if you'll excuse my saying so, you'll find this meddling with the women will bring you into trouble. You had



better burn that list of couples, and leave the match-making to Bastians."

"And why to Bastians?"

"Because the matchmaker is sure of being hated, and you don't want to keep the preacher hanging about you too long."

"That's true enough, but we mustn't get rid of him too soon. I'll speak to him about it."

However, he spoke to Lucretia, who at once informed him she considered the arranging of matrimonial alliances to be her special department, and that he need not trouble the preacher. So she set to work, and distributed conversationally a large amount of explosive material that was not to lie idle. Unlucky Lucretia!

Margaret was to be the subject of Lucretia's first experiment. She was strong, good-humoured, fair featured, and neat, and could not help being a centre of attraction in such a crowded community, although she did her best to keep admirers at a distance. Among these admirers were the boy Decker and Van Purmerent. Neither of them had she the faintest intention of marrying. Decker she looked upon as a boy, Van Purmerent as an old hypocrite; and, if she could have got rid of them, she would. But these two left her no peace, and the preacher had to intervene to protect his daughter's maid.

When Lucretia began her self-imposed mission, Margaret was under the minister's wing, and safe, at any rate, for a time. But it appeared best to Lucretia for Margaret to fall to the lot of Van Welderen, the head of the soldiers in charge of the smaller island; and before Van Welderen the preacher was powerless. But Van Welderen was more acceptable to Margaret than Decker and Van Purmerent had been, and hence the combination of circumstances which played the super-cargo's game and brought about the fall of the brotherhood. A mere quarrel over a waiting-maid; and yet what deaths and dire disaster sprang therefrom, at least ostensibly!

Van Welderen, a loud, swaggering soldier, was not one to waste time in his wooing. On the Sunday, that is, the 19th of July, he had come to attend the service in the morning, and stayed during the afternoon, when one of the usual meetings was held, under the chairmanship of Van Purmerent the plausible. The food question was the subject of debate. What was to be done when the provisions were exhausted, as it was obvious they would eventually be, unless a fresh supply came to hand? Many suggestions were made and cried down, and the discussion became so irregular and tedious that Van Purmerent, finding that others could talk as long as he could, vacated the chair before any agree-

ment was arrived at; and the meeting broke up in confusion.

He had many reasons for wishing to get out of the crowd. As he stood on his barrel in the centre, and in a fine grandiloquent sentence, that he failed to close, enlarged on the importance of something to eat, he happened to look towards the minister's tent, to which Van Welderen was sauntering. Continuing his wild career of eloquence, he watched the soldier disappear behind the tent; and again a florid sentence refused to end grammatically, and at the burst of applause he abruptly closed his opening speech. Later on he saw the soldier come away, and again return to the tent; and soon Margaret ran out from behind, with Van Welderen following and attempting to kiss her. There was a struggle, and she screamed and got away, and the soldier did not attempt to pursue. The crowd were so intent on applauding and howling at the speech then being made, that they saw nothing of all this, but the chairman saw it, and was not at all pleased at it. A few minutes later an orator alluded to the marriage question, and casually mentioned, as if the fact were well known, that Lucretia was soon to marry Cornelis, and Margaret was to be the bride of "our comrade in charge of the adjoining island."

"Not if I can help it!" shouted one of the crowd,

who, amidst some laughter, was recognized as Decker.

"Nor I," growled the chairman, "and no thanks to the boy."

And, as soon as he could, he got away from the meeting, and went to inquire after Margaret, who refused to see him.

On the Monday he complained to Cornelis of the way in which rumours were being set about prejudicial to his interests.

"I cannot help people talking," said Jerome.

"No, but the subject of their talk is that Van Welderen is to marry Margaret Lowyssen; and I understand you arranged the match."

"I arrange the match!" said Cornelis; "I have something else to do than that. And what can it matter to you who marries this girl?"

"I wish to marry her!"

"You! Why, she calls you a miserable old wind-bag; and she wouldn't have you as a gift. There's boy Decker has a better chance than you. Here, Decker!"

Decker ran up as he called.

"Mynheer van Purmerent thinks maid Margaret is in love with him; what do you think?"

"She hates him, mynheer."

"There, mynheer," laughed Cornelis, "what do you think of that? The boy is a good judge, I can tell you."

"I did not ask for a boy's opinion. I did not come here to be insulted. I came here to talk as man to man, and, Jerome Cornelis, I will not have you make game of me. Beware!"

"Beware!" said Cornelis; "what would you do?"

"I will raise the people, and they will cast you out. This day I could be chief in this island if I chose."

"Indeed!" said Cornelis; "a chief where all are equal! Opinion is free, you say. Where is the wrong in setting opinion against opinion? The boy has his thoughts, you have yours: as far as I know he is the best judge of the subject; why should you so lose your temper and show your hand over such a trifle?"

"If that swaggering soldier touches the woman I have been talking about, I'll have him hurled into the sea," said the old man, fiercely. "And if this boy gives me any of his nonsense, under your encouragement, I'll whip him within an inch of his life!"

"Take care!" said Cornelis; "I'll put you in irons."

"You daren't, and you can't! Remember the bond!"

Cornelis cooled instantly. It would never do to begin a quarrel in this way.

"Don't be foolish, Van Purmerent," he said; "we want to be friends, not enemies. Go and think things over."

"I can do that without your telling me. I'll return, and by the ocean shore I'll think if insults such as these should be forgiven. I will. I'll think——"

"And I'll go and ask Margaret what she thinks about you," said Decker, laughing.

"You can go," said Cornelis, walking off. "Go and think, mynheer; you have my blessing on your thoughts."

Here was a very pretty quarrel launched, in which Cornelis would certainly have the laugh on his side, and that was no slight advantage. But it was playing with fire, and the fire was to burst out sooner than he expected.

Van Purmerent had figured at his last Sunday meeting. During the week he had been driven almost mad by the taunts and laughter of his companions, and Decker, secretly supported by Cornelis and Lucretia, was indefatigable in making him ridiculous. On the Saturday the old man could stand it no longer, and, rushing at his tormentor, struck him in the face and tried to throttle him. They were parted; but an hour later, as the old man sat dozing in the tent, Decker slipped in stealthily, and drove a dagger into his heart.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE REIGN OF AGITATION.

WHAT was to be done with the murderer ?

De Scanis said : " Hang him."

Bastians said : " Admonish and forgive him."

Conrad said : " Leave him alone."

Van Welderen said : " I suppose you'll hold a sort of general court-martial, and discuss the matter at a public meeting ?"

And as may have been expected, this suggestion was adopted.

Meanwhile Decker was kept under guard, and was the subject of much pity from the women, especially from Margaret ; and fierce was the discussion between the old school and the new as to what should be his fate, a discussion encouraged as much as possible by the conspirators, as familiarizing the people with the idea of murder, and dulling the sense which revolts against crime. The familiar soon ceases to be horrible.

An expedition to what was left of the wreck, and

that was very little, nearly came to blows over one of these discussions; and the men engaged in fishing from the shore caught nothing during a whole afternoon, owing to their having knocked off work to continue a debate for or against a sentence of death. This fishing was now the only serious work engaged in by the castaways, except talking, for talk and so-called argument had become so incessant that the people's tongues had very much harder work than their legs or arms—or brains.

The long week came to an end at last, and on the Sunday, after a more than usually indefinite sermon from Bastians, on the sacredness of the brotherly bond and the sinfulness of breaking it, notwithstanding the example which had been set, the Batavia's Gravians proceeded to try Rogier Decker for murder, in a way that quite scandalized the old sailors and soldiers who still respected discipline and tradition.

This time Cornelis was persuaded to preside, and he opened the meeting by briefly stating that the murderer had been taken red-handed coming out of the tent, as the witnesses would prove. But he was not allowed to go further without interruption. A voice at the back of the ring reminded him that he was chairman and not prosecutor, and that it was not for him to give the reasons for the charge. Cornelis at once "agreed to



the suggestion," and told Decker he was accused of the murder of Van Purmerent.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I refuse to answer," said Decker.

"The prisoner refuses to answer," said Cornelis;  
"what is your will?"

"What do you mean by guilty?" asked Van Bremen.

"We mean, did he kill Van Purmerent?" said Cornelis.

"But Van Purmerent might have been killed by a man without that man being guilty of murder!"

"Not if he did it deliberately," said De Scanis.

"Why not? You have got to prove that there can be such a crime as murder on the island. It does not say so in the bond! That is our code of law. If Decker gave Van Purmerent full warning, he was free to strike him if he could get at him!"

"Are we to understand that we can commit any crime that is not mentioned on that piece of paper?" asked Cornelis.

"Certainly, I think so. That bond is our law. There cannot be a crime if it is not mentioned in our law. The law makes crime. We have nothing to do with the law that existed on board the ship. We have changed all that, and have started afresh. We are

all equal here, and we must make new laws and new crimes. The bond is not enough ; we want a new bond, and then we can try the prisoner."

"Surely," said Heyndricks, "if we are able to make a new bond, and a new law, and a new crime, and a new everything, we have power to try the prisoner in a new way ?"

"Who accuses this boy ?" asked Heylwerck.

"Order, comrades, order !" said the chairman. "We shall get into confusion."

"We've done that already !" said Lamberts.

"Order, then, order ! Let us note that the prisoner practically says he is not guilty. Now, let us proceed."

"But I say," interrupted Van Bremen, "that we cannot proceed. The prisoner does not plead not guilty ; he refuses to recognize your right to try him."

"Then let the prisoner make the proposition," said Lamberts ; "let him propose that we have no right to try him, and I'll second the motion, just to give it a chance !"

This raised a laugh. Really it was too absurd. However Van Bremen persisted.

"What I contend is," said he, "that you should deal with cases as they arise, and deal with each on its merits. You must advance in proper form. Your proper course is to pass a resolution that one man killing another is guilty of murder. Then you'll pass

another resolution, that the murderer shall be punished. Then you pass another, stating what that punishment is to be. And then you pass another, stating who is to administer that punishment. Now, that's logical; that's right. Isn't it, now?"

A round of applause was the answer.

"Let us go back to first principles," said Conrad.

"Let us adopt the laws of the old ship," said Zeevanck; "you have got them all cut and dried there. They are good enough if you get a new captain!"

This was a bombshell for the meeting. But Cornelis was quite equal to the occasion.

"Will you bring that forward as a proposition?" he asked.

"Yes," said Zeevanck.

"You propose that the laws of the ship, amended in a few points, shall be the laws of this island?"

"Certainly," said the old man.

"Then if you propose that," said Van Welderen, "I'll propose that we adjourn the trial of Decker until we have a law to try him by."

Whereupon loud cheers from Decker's partisans.

"And I propose," said Conrad, "that we adjourn this meeting until next Sunday, so as to give us a week to consider the proposed laws and draw up our list of amendments."

“And that I’ll second!” said Van Bremen.

Cornelis gravely put the question, and it was carried. And the meeting of the 2nd of August separated, having, as he intended, done nothing.

Next morning steps were taken to still further increase the confusion. A notice was nailed up, inviting all who had suggestions to send them in in writing to a committee of three, who would register them. In order to facilitate the making of amendments, a copy of the ship’s regulations was made and exhibited on the notice board. A nice little task was thus set the islanders, for, owing to the mention of the laws of the Netherlands in this brief document, the amending meant the revision of the whole law of their native land! Here was a pastime for the dwellers on a desert island! All the week long the talk went on without ceasing, from the first streak of daylight till far into the night. It is safe to say that there was not a man who did not think that the law might be amended in some particular. But to get others to agree with him; that was the difficulty.

By the Wednesday the people had begun to form into cliques, each persuaded that the particular in which they desired amendment was far more important than anything else, and ought to be taken in hand first. By the Friday, the cliques, by a trifling give and take, had formed into parties. There were five of these parties.

There were those who wanted no change at all ; there were those who wanted an entire change for the sake of change ; there were those who wanted a moderate change ; there were those who wanted to hang Decker, change or no change ; and there were the immediate followers of Cornelis, whose object was to keep the agitation in full swing, until it was time to strike. So well did these do their work that on Sunday, the 9th, the meeting had to be adjourned for a week, owing to the committee having found it impossible to get the numerous amendments into order.

On the Monday an important step was taken, in anticipation of the inevitable end. Jerome's difficulty all along had been with the soldiers. The Frenchmen and Hays had been deaf to the voice of the charmer. They had attended none of the meetings, and taken no part in the discussions. "They were soldiers," they said, "whose duty it was to obey the orders of Koopman Pelsart or his representative." But their obedience to orders would probably cease the moment Cornelis endeavoured to use it for his own ends. These six men were the nucleus of resistance. How could they be got rid of ? They could be massacred, of course ; but, as they were skilled in the use of arms, it was not at all unlikely that whoever attacked them first would lose his life ; and, unless Cornelis led the attack, it would probably fail.

Lucretia proposed a way out of the difficulty.

"Why not send them away on an expedition in search of water?"

"That would mean the loss of a boat," replied Cornelis.

"But the loss of a boat is a small matter in such a case. Besides, you could settle them when they came back."

"But if they never came back?"

"Then they can no longer trouble you, and you cannot lay their deaths to your charge."

"Yes," said Cornelis, "there is something in that. I'll think it out."

Next morning a meeting was called to consider "an important question."

Cornelis presided. Heyndricks handed in a report to the effect that the water supply was now fast diminishing owing to the rain having ceased, and that, as the rest of the winter promised to be dry, there was danger of the whole community being swept off by thirst, unless a permanent source of supply could be found on one of the adjacent islands.

"Now, comrades," said Cornelis, "what is to be done? It will never do to have a water famine."

Conrad proposed that an expedition should be sent out, and this was carried unanimously. But who would go? In view of the interesting discussions expected in

revising the constitution, none of the politicians were anxious to volunteer for temporary banishment.

"If we go," said each little group, "the other fellows will have it all their own way. If we postpone the consideration of the matter until we return, they can outwit us in our absence. No; we must remain on the spot."

"I propose," said Van Welderen, "that some of my men go. The change in the constitution of the State will make no difference to them. They are the servants of whatever may be the existing order of things. They take no interest in politics."

"Yes, yes," shouted the crowd, "let the soldiers go!" And that afternoon they were off.

It will be remembered how carefully the roster had been arranged so as to bring on duty a Frenchman as a check on a Dutchman. By "halving the guard," as Van Welderen termed it, he managed to choose for the expedition the five Frenchmen and Hays, the very men whose absence was desired. The fitting out of the boat was in charge of old Heyndricks, and he did his victualling well as usual. He was much too fond of his dinner and his drink to let another man go short.

"You are giving them too much," said Cornelis.

"No. You can't give them too much. I'll be no

party to starving a man. Poor beggars! they'll never come back. They'll die cursing you, Jerome; but they sha'n't curse Reynier Heyndricks, if I can help it. No, Jerome; you are glad to get rid of them; get rid of them handsomely."

And so the boat's cargo was well chosen and well stowed, and nothing forgotten. It had not been intended that they should take any weapons with them, but unfortunately "some busybody," as Cornelis complained, discovered that none were on board early in the stowing, and raised the question among the crowd as to what the crew ought to have to defend themselves with, and there was nothing for it but to let a couple of guns and ammunition form part of the equipment. More would have been "unreasonable," the men were told when they remonstrated. And the crowd agreed that Van Welderen was right. So the arms of four of the men were returned into store, and Hays and Boniver retained theirs.

Hays was put in command, and received his instructions from Cornelis. He was to find water on some of the neighbouring islands, and, if he found it within a moderate distance, he was to light three fires in a line as a signal. The men he took with him were Jean Hongaer, Jean de Mirinbry, Thomas de Villier, Eduart Coe, and Jean Boniver.



Derrik asked to go with them, and Hays would have gladly taken him, but De Scanis, who saw through the supercargo's game, would not hear of it on any account.

"No, my lad; you must stay here," was his answer. "Better here till they come back."

"Good-bye, Hays," said Derrik, as the boat pushed off; "I hope you'll be back soon."

"Not till you've hanged Decker," said Hays.

"Sorry you are going," said Heyndricks; "you are such nice fellows, we are sure to miss you. But if I were you, I wouldn't come back till we have done with our alterations and repairs. It is no good your signalling until you have found enough water to supply—well, say, about half of us."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### BASTIANS TO THE RESCUE.

HAYS left on the 11th of August, and on the 16th the great meeting was held to revise the laws. The meeting did not advance very far in its work. The very first proposition brought before it was who was to be head of the new State? This was shelved for half an hour, during which it was decided that the State should be a Republic. Then the original proposition was submitted, and a long discussion ensued as to the title by which the chief of the Republic should be known. Talk, talk, nothing but talk, until the sun went down; and then, as darkness set in, the meeting was adjourned till the next day. Next day there was a storm, which broke over the island with terrible force, and deluged it with rain, so as to remove all fear of a water famine for many a long day, for the tanks and reservoirs provided by De Scanis were all filled to the brim. Next day the storm continued without the rain, and on the Wednesday the wind went during the afternoon. To-morrow, then, the meeting was to be held, and the great matter

settled as to what the governor of the island was to be called.

"King" would never do; "Emperor" was not to be thought of; "Leader" was pronounced too common; "Chief" was too barbarous; "Judge" evoked a shout of laughter; "President" was not important enough; "Chairman" was greeted with derision. Then the classic batch was taken. "Prætor?"—nobody knew what it meant. "Archon?"—settled at once by a shout of "Fiddlesticks!" "Consul?"—too fossil. "Pro-consul?"—welcomed with "Neither 'pro' nor 'con'-sul!" "Dictator?"—too tyrannical. "Tyrant?"—a yell of disapproval. "Aristocrat?"—roars of laughter. "Oligarch?"—a storm of hisses. "Quæstor?"—not a sound. "Censor?"—"Yes, we want one!" "Dux?"—"Quack, quack!"

"Really, comrades," said Cornelis, "you must receive the various propositions with courtesy."

Then a new line was entered upon.

"Admiral?"—no. "Captain?"—signs of approval, but no enthusiasm. "Lieutenant?"—"Lieutenant of whom?" "General?"—more supporters than for anything yet.

"I have it!" said Van Bremen.

"What?" asked a dozen voices.

"Captain-General!"

"Hoch! Hoch! Hurrrrrach! Yowowow! Huzza!"

Applause loud and long.

"Captain-General!"

And who was the happy man to be the first Captain-General of Batavia's Grave?

"Comrades," said Conrad, "it is now our duty to elect our Captain-General. There is one name that will at once occur to you. It is that of the man fittest for the post in these arduous times. To the people he surrendered the authority that was his by custom, and from the people I hope he will receive it again. If he can be persuaded to serve us in the honourable position of our leader, we cannot have a better man than Jerome Cornelis!"

A great shout of "Cornelis! Cornelis!" from all parts of the ring showed that Conrad's victory was assured.

"I will second that," said Zeevanck; "and, as I proposed originally that we should revise our laws, I now beg to substitute——"

"You can't do that," said Cornelis; "you can only do one thing at a time."

"Well, then, I second the proposition."

"I cannot put that proposition to the meeting," said Cornelis; "I must vacate the chair while it is being discussed."

The crowd looked towards De Scanis, who, seeing no help for it, stood on the barrel, and said:

"Has any one anything to say against that proposition? Or has any one any one else to propose?"

There was a feeble shout of "De Scanis!"

"Oh!" said De Scanis; "I may tell you at once I am not a candidate for the post."

"Van Welderen!" shouted some of the deputation from the smaller island.

"Whatever claims I may have," said the soldier, "I transfer to Mynheer Cornelis."

"Heyndricks!" hiccuped a husky voice in the third row.

"Not if he knows it!" said the steward, promptly. "The best man you've got for the place is Cornelis, and I'll vote for him."

Whereupon there was nothing to be done but for De Scanis to take the opinion of the meeting.

And Jerome Cornelis became Captain-General.

"Before the Captain-General replies," said Zeevanck, "I have a proposal to make. It was at my suggestion that we entered on the consideration of the old ship's laws. I think we ought to hand over all our work to the Captain-General, and make it his duty to take the matter off our hands. It will simplify the thing so much. We have got a leader, now let him lead!"

"I support that," said Van Bremen, "and I think it is an excellent suggestion. Mynheer De Scanis, let us

vote at once. We are anxious to hear what our Captain-General has to say."

And De Scanis put the resolution, which was carried without a dissentient, for nobody was quick enough to see what it implied.

Then Jerome resumed his stand upon the barrel, and, as Captain-General of this miserable island, assured the crowd that it was the happiest moment of his life, that he would devote his poor abilities to their welfare, and that he was sure they would all support him in anything, however severe, he might think needful for the public safety. But in order to put the matter into form—he was a great stickler for form—he would have a deed prepared immediately, which all could sign, as a sort of commission empowering him to act as he thought fit.

Some one suggested the meeting should elect a council to act with him, but this was promptly met by the suggestion that enough work had been done for one day. And with much cheering the meeting broke up, and half an hour afterwards the people were crowding round a packing case, and signing, and making marks when they could not sign, on the following bond, which had been drawn up in anticipation of the result of the discussion :—

Wy onderschreven Persoonen, alle hier tegenwoordigh op dit Eylandt zijnde, soo wel Raedts=verwant, Soldaten, Bootgesellen, als onsen Domine, geen en uytgesondert, en wie het sonde moghen wesen, nemen aen voor onse Oppenhooff, als Capiteyn Generael, Jeronymus Cornelisz, die wy eendrachtelijke, en yeder in't besonder sweeren (soo waer ons Godt helpen wil) in alle't gene hy ons sal gebieden, ghetrouw ende gheboorsaem te sullen wesen; en wie ter contrarie doet, dat hy des Duyvels eygen zijn sal; Hier mede te niet doende, ende, afleggende alle voorgaende openbare ende particuliere beloften ende eeden, die voor desen ghepasseert zijn; daer onder begrepen zijnde alle bymelicke camaratschappen, tentschappen ende andere, hoedanigh die sonden moghen ghenacmt zijn. Begeeren voorders dat het Bootsvolk onder ons niet meer Bootgesellen, maer gelijcke met de andere soldaten onder een Compagnie sullen ghenacmt ende gereeckent werden. Alders gedaen ende onderteeckent op het Eylandt, ghenacmt Bataviaes Kerckhof, den 20 Augusti 1629.

That is the Old Dutch, transcribed from the original document brought away from the island. The following is a fairly close translation :—

“ We, the undersigned—passengers, soldiers, sailors, and our preacher included—being all present together on this island, hereby accept as our chief, or Captain-General, Jerome Cornelis, to whom, each and all, we swear (as truly as God doth help us) to do as he commands us, and to be faithful and obedient to him in all things. And may whoever does the contrary be the Devil’s prey ! Herewith we annul and revoke all our previous public and private promises and oaths, and hold to this as a substitute even for the oaths of all and any secret guilds or societies, or whatsoever they may be called. And we also agree that the sailors amongst us may be added to the ranks of the soldiers, and form one company. Done and signed, on the island called Batavia’s Grave, this 20th of August 1629.”

The first act of the new Captain-General was, in virtue of the last paragraph of the new bond, to recruit the ranks of the soldiers by all the sailors he could depend on, and arm them efficiently. He thus gained a body guard strong enough to defy all the rest of the people.

His next step was to proclaim an amnesty for all



offences. This pardoned Decker, and solved the murder question.

His next step was to send for Bastians, and inform him that next Sunday he was to announce that the Captain-General would take to himself a wife on the third Sunday following; and that on the same day Van Welderen would marry Margaret, and, Conrad Judith Bastians.

"My daughter!" said the preacher.

"Yes, why not?" asked Cornelis.

"But this is the first I have heard of it!" said Bastians.

"Well, suppose it is!" said the Captain-General.

"But suppose she won't marry this man!"

"Won't!" exclaimed Cornelis; "she'll never see the 7th of September except as Conrad's wife,"

"Really, I beseech you!" said the preacher.

"You waste your time, mynheer; we keep you here for our convenience. Make yourself troublesome, and you will go the way Van Purmerent went. Take heed how you walk. If you wish to live amongst us and do good in your way, you must keep your tongue still, and obey. I have promised your daughter to Conrad van Huyssen, and his she shall be. If she resists, or you resist, I'll hang you both."

"But that is against the law!"

“ Law ! ” laughed the Captain-General ; “ there is no law in this island but my will.”

Bastians went back and told his daughter.

She turned so pale that Bastians thought she was dying.

“ Never ! ” she gasped ; “ I’ll die first. But, father, you can save me ! ”

“ Alas, my daughter, how can I ? Who will come to my help ? ”

“ Every honest man. Tell them ; let it be known what a tyrant he is. You are sure to get help.”

“ I must give out the notices on the Sabbath.”

“ Not of me !—not of me ! My name shall never be linked with Conrad van Huysen’s.”

“ And Margaret, too ! ” said the minister.

“ Margaret ! ” broke in Judith. “ Who is Margaret ? What is she to me or to you ? She can do as she likes, and she’ll take any man she can get. You know she will ! She likes this fellow. But with me—oh ! oh ! oh ! never ! It shall not be.”

And Bastians went along the shore to look out over the low-tide towards the few timbers left of the wreck, and to resolve to call a meeting on Sunday and bring the matter before it. Poor simple Bastians ! The meetings had served their turn ; what other meetings there might be would have to argue with the Captain-

General's guard! A meeting! A meeting! That was his scheme. A meeting, in which he would appeal direct to the people. And he did not shrink from bearding the lion in carrying it out.

On Sunday the Captain-General and his guard and all the people came to service round the packing-case which served for a pulpit. There was Cornelis, in his best array, and by his side Lucretia, come to hear the announcement of her betrothal, and round him were those he intended to enrich with the plunder of the *Batavia*, then safe under the guard of his own partisans.

At the end of the prayers, which Bastians read with much fervour, all ears were at attention for the expected notices. Quietly and clearly, in a voice heard by all, the minister read out the announcement of the betrothal of Cornelis to Lucretia; then that of Van Welderen to Margaret Lowyssen.

What had become of Conrad's announcement? Cornelis looked round, and smiled. The predicant was evidently in a muddle, as usual. All would be right in a moment. But what is this?

"It has appeared good to our Captain-General," continued Bastians, "to betroth my daughter, against her will and inclination, and against my will, to one of his friends. I do not consider that it is within the powers

you gave him to do such a thing, and I hereby give notice that after this service is over I call a public meeting to consider the wrong that is intended against me. Brethren, there will be no sermon to-day. I will say what I have to say at the meeting. The service is now at an end."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### HEYNDRICKS BEARDS THE LION.

As Bastians ended, there was a silence as of death ; and then there was heard, low as a whisper, and then more clearly, the sound of the sea breaking on the beach ; and then there came a subdued murmur from the congregation, who had been struck dumb with astonishment, and this grew into shouts of anger, and laughter, and cheers of sympathy ; and the cheers gained the mastery, for all men like pluck, and the cool intrepidity required to strike the brand-new Captain-General fair in the face in this way was recognized by all.

“ Order ! ” roared Van Welderen.

As the cheering died away Cornelis lifted his hand, and claimed attention.

“ Comrades,” he said, “ this is a matter for private arrangement, not for a public meeting. Meetings do not concern themselves with daughters’ marriages. The preacher should have informed me of his intention. As it is, we can discuss the matter after dinner. It is not a

minister's business to close divine service in this disorderly way."

"I claim my right!" said Bastians, firmly. "I will be heard, and the people shall judge. If the people support you, I have nothing further to say. If you do not agree to the meeting, it is because you fear the result!"

Here there was a burst of cheering, but much fainter than at first.

"Arrest that man!" said Cornelis; "the meeting shall not take place. It will lead to disorder, and to ensure the comfort of my comrades is my first duty."

And Bastians was pulled down from the packing-case, and marched off to the headquarters tent, amid a scene of tumult that would have ended in a rescue, if the guard had not threatened to fire on the people.

But what could be done? The people were at their ruler's mercy, with nowhere to flee to. They attempted to hold a meeting, but they were at once dispersed. And the barrels and cases were all rolled in and formed into a fortification, which commanded every corner of that narrow plateau. On that barren island the only shelter was the darkness of the night.

The strong hand has always its admirers, even among the peaceful.

"What is the use of discrediting the government?" said some.

"It would be absurd to fight for a predicant," said others; "even if we won we should have the predicant as our master, and surely Cornelis is a better man than he!"

"Why should we risk our lives for the sake of a girl?" asked others.

But there was one who was quite prepared to take the risk.

Derrik, in such a state of agitation as may be guessed, had led Judith out of the crowd.

Not a word was spoken between them until they reached the tent. She had cried and sobbed, and now she was comparatively calm; but in the last hour she had lived a year.

"Good-bye!" she said, in so low a tone as to be almost inaudible.

"Why good-bye?" asked Derrik, mournfully.

"Because it is good-bye to you and to all. My poor father——"

"Cornelis dare not hurt him."

"But he will."

"No, he dare not; but——"

"But what?"

"He'll gain his consent to—— Oh! It makes me mad to think of it."

"To be that man's wife—— Never! I'll never believe it! I won't marry the villain. I'll die first!"

"Judith," said Derrik, "trust me. All will end well if you will only wait; be calm, and hope."

"I am calm, but I have no hope!"

And she burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing, and ran into the tent.

Derrik, hardly conscious of his movements, went away to the shore to think in solitude.

He had not been there long, before he was hailed by Zeevanck.

"Here, young man! Come here! You're wanted."

"Who wants me?"

"The Captain-General. And you had better be quick. Come along!"

"What does he want me for?"

"What's that to you? My orders are to bring you to him, and he's not in a mood to stand any nonsense; nor am I."

Derrik found Cornelis seated at the table in the tent, with a dozen of his particular friends around him.

"Where have you been?" asked Jerome.

"For a walk, mynheer."

"Mynheer, indeed!" exclaimed Lucretia; "you ought not to be so free with your tongue, young man. The Captain-General is now his Excellency!"

"I did not know he had been so promoted. I meant no harm."



"You will go at once with Captain Van Welderen to the other island," said Cornelis, "and obey him as you would me."

"That will keep you out of mischief," said Lucretia; "little boys should leave the girls alone."

"I do not understand you," said Derrik.

"Then no harm's done," said Cornelis; "it is best for you to be out of this. Go down to the boat and wait till she puts off."

"But my clothes——"

"At once, I say!" said Cornelis, peremptorily. "Begone!" And Derrik could do nothing but obey.

On his way he was joined by Abraham.

"The predicant is a good man," said the negro; "but they will kill him."

"Who?"

"The Captain-General and his guards."

"Then I shall not leave this place."

"You must. Better go. The predicant has many who will help him all they can. You are of no use now; you are watched too closely."

"Who is watching me?"

"I am"

"You!"

"Yes, Derrik; while you are on this island; but I am your friend. You go away and wait,"

“Wait for what?”

“Till I send for you. Hush! Here comes the captain.”

And Van Welderen reached the beach, and the boat pulled off.

Derrik found the other island, “Overtheway” as it had come to be called, in much the same state as Batavia’s Grave. A few tents were the only shelter the people had from the weather; and the only fresh water came from a small pool in the centre, which yielded barely enough night and morning for the daily supply.

There had been only one meeting on Overtheway, and then Cornelis had been proclaimed as chief, for in all matters the inhabitants had been content to follow the lead of the others. Now, however, Van Welderen’s difficulties were to begin. The news of the preacher’s imprisonment set the people thinking, and many of them sympathized with the old man and his daughter. All the married men were on Overtheway, and among their wives and children Bastians had many friends. Van Welderen had with him only six armed ruffians in whom he could trust, and he would have to keep his eyes open. He did not feel quite at ease in his mind as he entered his tent.

Jerome’s last words to him had been :

“We shall not want all your women and children

squalling about us, my lad. You'll be the King Herod of the game before it's over; so mind what you are about."

"Am I to slaughter all the youngsters, then?"

"Why not?" said Cornelis. "We cannot take them with us. A few of the best-looking women you can keep, but it's well to get the ugly faces out of the way. Besides, all the dear creatures 'would rather die,' &c. &c. Eh?"

"Won't you spare us a little help?"

"Help? Certainly not. Each island must have its own butcher's bill, my gallant captain; and yours will be a liberal one."

No sooner had the boat gone than Van Bremen was sent to bring Judith to share her father's imprisonment.

"You'll make sure of her that way," said Lucretia. "I'll give her a talking to that'll knock the nonsense out of her."

And talk she did, but nothing she could say or do could shake the resolution of Judith Bastians. In vain she threatened to kill the father, in vain she even threatened to kill the child. Judith was in too strong a position to be subdued.

"If you kill my father," she said, "it will kill me. If you kill me, it will be a blessing to me, for I am tired of this life of misery."

"Pish!" said Lucretia; "there are deaths and deaths, and some are not so pleasant. I will be mistress here. If you do not obey my will I'll have your father torn limb from limb, and if that does not move you I'll serve you in the same way!"

"You dare not!"

"Dare not! You dare me! Hoity-toity, my lady! Dare! I'll bring your spirit down! Henceforth I'll starve you!"

And that day—it was the Friday of the week—no food was given to the prisoners; nor had they any food on the Saturday.

The news of this treatment got abroad, and great was the indignation. Heyndricks heard of it early on the Sunday morning, and was fairly horrified.

"What!" said he to himself, "starve them to death, Madame Lucretia? Not if I know it. You can poison them if you like, but you mustn't polish them off so as to bring the victualling department into disgrace. So long as there's food in my charge, we'll all share alike, Madame the Captain-General!"

And off he went, with a basket full of such good things as he could manage, and walked boldly up to the guard.

"Can't pass here!" said the sentry, Jasperts.

"Stuff!" said Heyndricks; "you are behind the age!"

You should take your orders in the morning, not at night."

"I take my orders when they are given to me!" said the sentry, stiffly.

"And when did you get them last?"

"Last night."

"Ah! So I thought. Now, if you go and inquire you'll find the morning's orders are different. I'll stay here till you come back. You needn't be afraid. Here, take a drink before you go"—and the steward coolly uncovered the basket and handed him the bottle—"I don't see why these obstinate idiots should have all that is intended for them, do you?"

The soldier took a longish drink.

"That'll do," said Heyndricks. "Don't take it all, or you'll get into trouble. I won't be long." And with the greatest assurance he walked into the tent, leaving the sentry to wonder if it were not all a dream.

"Surely there must be some change in the orders!" he exclaimed.

"Well, I told you so!" said Heyndricks, reappearing with the empty basket, "and now I'm off to the Captain-General."

And, with the basket on his arm, he walked up to Cornelis.

"Good morning, your Excellency," said he, with a strong emphasis on the Excellency.

"Good morning," said Cornelis, rather gruffly. "Have you come to report how the supplies are running?"

"Yes," said Heyndricks; "they are running faster than they were yesterday or the day before."

"How so?"

"Two more mouths to feed."

"Who are they?"

"The predicant and his daughter."

"What! I gave orders that no food was to be given them. Who has dared to disobey my orders?"

"I have, Jerome; I have," said the fat steward, looking the little man straight in the face. "I am not going to allow you to take away my character. I have a professional reputation to keep up, the same as you have; and I will not have it said that I starved anybody. Do you see that? Besides, it isn't worthy of you. Poison them off, Jerome! You can, you know, and they'll be off in a twinkling. Give them a dose of cold steel if you will. But, confound it, man!—don't be so cruel as to starve them."

"Do you know who I am now?"

"Yes, the biggest fool in Batavia's Grave—now. You have tried to do a dirty trick to gratify a woman's spite, and I have stopped you. If you

quarrel with me, you'll be the laughing-stock of the island."

"Why?"

"Because I have shown that I don't care a snap for your orders, and I have shown it in such a cause that, whether I'm living or dead, all but a dozen in the place will agree with me. Here, come down to the sentry, and tell him it's all right; and get yourself out of a mess which, if you hadn't been meddling with the women folk, you would never have got into."

Cornelis was very angry; but to quarrel then meant to lose two good men, the steward and the sentry, and that was not worth while. So, with as good a grace as he could muster, he informed the sentry that the orders as to the food had been revoked.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE MASSACRE.

WHEN Lucretia heard what had happened, she was like a wild beast in her rage. She foamed at the mouth; she threatened to tear the steward in pieces.

"He's a double scoundrel," she screamed to Cornelis. "He means you no good. He'll sell you. He knows too much about you."

"Not so loud, Lucretia; not so loud!"

"Loud, indeed! I ought to speak loud"—and she did. "I don't care who hears me!"—and she didn't; but, unfortunately for her, half the island heard her, and the man who heard her most distinctly, and understood her meaning best, was "the double scoundrel" himself.

Now, Heyndricks was not a ladies' man, nor was he a man who was afraid of the ladies, and so, quietly looking at his pistols to see they were ready for action, he beckoned to some of the crowd that had gathered near the tent, and coolly walked in.



"Call the guard!" said Cornelis, as he saw him enter with the crowd at his heels.

"Oh! You needn't do that, your Excellency," said the steward. "I'm not going to hurt anybody. This is merely a friendly call, just to inform the fair lady here that we overheard the conversation, and that, if she'll only yell a little louder, Van Welderen and his company on Overtheway will also be posted up to date in her benevolent sentiments. It is as well we should understand one another, your Excellency. This good lady must keep her tongue still, and not push herself so much to the front as she has done of late, for we rough sea rovers will not stand it. Will you, my lads?"

"No!" said the crowd, among whom many of the guard were now mingled.

"And if you can't clap a stopper on her somehow, your Excellency, we shall put a stopper on you." And Heyndricks looked at Cornelis much as a tiger might at a terrier. "This is a bitter lesson, your Excellency," he continued, "but it is a necessary one. We'll have no she-captains. Command your own ship, and we'll stick to you through thick and thin. Won't we, my lads?"

"Ay, that we will!" shouted the crowd.

"But if you knock under to that black-hearted, foul-

mouthed, yellow-woolled vampire, you are not fit to be called a man!"

Lucretia was speechless with fury. She gasped for breath. At last she found her voice.

"You——"

But before she could say another word,

"Silence!" thundered the steward, in a voice so loud and sonorous that it overbore all opposition; and Lucretia fell back in an hysterical faint.

"That woman will be your ruin," continued the steward, for no one had ventured to say a word after his terrible roar. "Jerome, be warned for the last time!"

And with that he left the tent, and was followed by the crowd, shouting:

"A meeting! A meeting!"

"Well, as you will," said Heyndricks, as the crowd gathered round. "Who's to speak?"

"You."

"I have said all I had to say," said the steward; "I wish no harm to our Captain-General, and I think you would be wise to continue him in command."

"But how about these marriages?" asked Hardens, one of the soldiers. "I move that we object to them."

"And I second that!" shouted another.

"I move that the predicant and his daughter be set free," said another.

"I move that the widow be scragged," said another.

"Patience, my friends," said Heyndricks; "the first resolution is the only one likely to do any good. But you are asking what no ruler could or would submit to. It is not for you to say how you should be governed; but it is for you to choose your governor. He it is who is the best judge of what is best. He has means of knowledge that you cannot have. If he does not govern well on the whole, get rid of him; but do not change for the mere sake of changing."

"Heyndricks for Captain-General!" shouted a few enthusiasts.

"Certainly not," said the steward. "I shall never be Captain-General. You have a much better man in the place now, only he has been weak enough to listen too much to a woman. Let us be loyal to the chief of our choice. Come, join with me in a cheer in his honour."

And he raised a loud shout, which was taken up again and again. And as soon as silence had been fairly restored, he coolly said:

"The meeting is at end."

And the crowd broke up, laughing at the tact with which they had been led back to quietness.

Of course Cornelis saw the meeting, but he dared not interfere, as quite half his guard sympathized with Heyndricks ; and when he heard the result, and learnt how well the steward had stood by him at the crisis, he felt almost inclined to forgive the insult.

Lucretia was hysterical for hours, and until she came to her senses Jerome resolved to wait. And so the night closed in, and, amid much suppressed excitement, the islanders retired, to sleep but little.

The morning broke rough and stormy, the southerly wind gusty, and the sea so high as to dash the spray up over the cliffs on to the plateau, though in the shelter of the reef it was fairly smooth. It was Monday, the 31st of August, an important day in this strange history.

The men were awake and up early, some preparing to go fishing, others to cut some of the low brushwood for fires. And the gathering of the firewood made the people think of Hays. He had been gone twenty days, and nothing had been heard of him. In vain had the believers in the good faith of those who sent him watched the horizon for the three fires. Not a sign of a signal had there been. Hays, like Pelsart, had probably fallen a victim to the sea.

At breakfast Heyndricks, as though nothing had happened, sent Abraham off with a basket of pro-

visions for Bastians and his daughter. In the basket he put a bottle of schnapps, on which the sentry could take toll if he wished.

Jasperts was again on duty. He took the basket from Abrahams, saying he was ordered to do so ; and, solacing himself with a good draught from the bottle, he went into the tent.

“ Give me the basket.”

He started. It was Lucretia stood before him.

“ Madame, my orders were to give the basket to the predicant.”

“ I will give it to the predicant. Go back to your duty.”

“ The boy is waiting for the basket,” said Jasperts, not knowing what to do.

“ Let him wait. I will bring the basket to him.”

The sentry stepped outside. As he did so, Lucretia, looking round to make sure she was unobserved, opened the bottle, and poured into it a few drops from a phial. It was all done so quickly, that no one would have been a bit the wiser, had not Bastians come forward at the moment, and seen her just as the drops were pouring from the phial. Silently he stepped back, and when she looked up she was alone.

She took the basket of food in to the prisoners.

"Just in time to bring you your last breakfast," she said, pleasantly.

"Woman!" said Bastians, "how dare you jest on such a subject?"

"Man!" said Lucretia, "mind your own business. There's your food. Be thankful for it. This bottle does not seem to contain what is good for you. Smell it!"

"Avaunt!" said Bastians. "The liquor is accursed!"

Lucretia's lips went white.

"What!" she said, "you think so? Then don't touch it. I did not think it would suit you."

And she laid the packages on the floor, and took back the bottle in the basket.

"Jasperts!"

The sentry appeared at the entrance.

"The predicant says the liquor is not good. It is some of the steward's foul stuff."

"Foul stuff!" said Jasperts; "it was good enough just now."

"Then you had better try it again. I don't think it is good."

The unfortunate sentry took a mouthful, and swallowed it.

"Phugh!" he said, "it has a strange twang with it. Here, take it back, Abraham; tell the steward to send a better tap."

Abraham ran off with the basket; Lucretia glided away; the sentry stood still for a minute, and then he leant against a post, and, with one violent spasm, he died.

The black boy came running to Heyndricks.

"They want another bottle," he said; "the sentry says this isn't good liquor."

"Not good liquor!" said the steward; "I'll warrant it is."

And he filled a glass, and, seeing no fault in the colour, drank it down.

"Who has been tampering with this?" he asked; and instantly added: "The foul villain! He's poisoned me as he did Maurice Pieters of Haarlem! Lamberts!" he shouted to the man nearest to him, "Cornelis has poisoned me."

And he turned a ghastly hue, and gave one great writhe of pain, and fell dead full length on the ground.

"Help! help!" cried Lamberts and Abraham; "Mynheer Heyndricks is murdered!"

The people near came crowding up to the little group. At the same moment Cornelis came out of the tent.

"Another meeting!" he exclaimed. "Call out the guard!"

The armed men fell in.

"Disperse that crowd!" he said.

The men advanced. As they did so Cornelis looked away to Van Welderen's island, and saw a boat speeding towards him.

On came the guard. They were met with shouts of :  
"Murderers!"

"Disperse!" roared Cornelis.

"Never," said Lamberts, who had taken Heyndricks' pistols. "You have murdered this man!"

"It is a lie!" said Cornelis.

Lamberts fired, and missed.

In answer came a volley from the guard. Some fell, and this drove the mob to fury. They swarmed on to the soldiers, and the soldiers, to defend themselves, drew their swords. The fight was fierce, and the people were driven back.

"Now's your time!" shouted Cornelis; "down with them!"

Meanwhile the boat from the island neared the beach.

The soldiers began killing the people, Van Bremen taking the lead.

It was awful. Men, women, and children were cut down as they fled, Pelsart's supporters being especially singled out. De Scanis was one of the first to fall.

The boat was run ashore. The men rushed to help Cornelis—all but one, and he was Derrik, who ran,



sword in hand, to the tent where Bastians and his daughter were left without a guard. He burst into the tent.

"Come!" he said.

As they came out of the tent, three pillars of smoke arose from the little island nearest to the north.

"Look!" said the preacher.

"It is Hays," said Derrik. "There lies our hope."

"There is a boat coming!" said Judith.

Another boat was approaching from the northward.

"Be quick, my lads!" said Cornelis.

He also had seen the boat.

Step by step the people were driven back.

Some took to the sea, on planks and spars. Some plunged in to swim.

"This way!" said Derrik, holding Judith's hand.

"Run for your life!"

Bastians took his daughter's other hand.

As they reached the boat Cornelis sprang to stop them.

Bastians was like one possessed. He flew at the Captain-General, and struck him between the eyes. Cornelis staggered, and fell backwards on to the wet sand.

"Now, my daughter!" And Bastians swung her into the boat.

"Away!" said Derrik, shoving the boat off as he jumped in.

The boat shot out into the sea.

Stubborn was the fight now. In the approaching boat was Hays, and his voice could be heard over the water.

"Give way!"

But Derrik's boat was in a struggling crowd of fugitives, who seized it as it passed, through them, more on one side than the other, and over it went. Derrik and Bastians and Judith were in the water.

"Easy!" shouted Hays, as he shot in amongst them. "Save the girl!"

Boniver caught hold of Judith, and dragged her on board. Hays seized Derrik. Coe caught the minister. The boat was full.

"Away!" shouted Hays, putting the tiller over, and round she went.

The carnage continued on the shore.

The guard had begun to glory in their mission of destruction, and to look upon it as a game. The enthusiasts and the converts did their best to excel in reducing the surplus population. The "respectable" people stood neutral until they were attacked—and then joined the winning side.

It was such a scene as makes a man despair of his

fellow man. The child was killed in the mother's arms, and the mother was killed to follow the babe. The old and the young were cut down, some resisting desperately, some helpless with fear. Young Philipsen had brought his widowed mother to spend her last years in the land which was to see him prosperous, and here he fell, gashed with a sword, before his mother's eyes. And one, who had no father and no mother, but had saved for years to pay his journey to a land of promise, was here set upon by Van Bremen, and smitten till he died. There was one pathetic case of a little boy who had, with much difficulty, brought hither his only pet, a shaggy little dog, and even the little dog was stabbed as it did its best to defend its master. Down with them! Down with them!—That a man might “seize an opportunity to rule!”

Lamberts, the last man to stand, jumped into the sea; and the soldiers began to butcher those who were left wounded behind.

Hays was now out of the floating crowd, and, helping first one and then the other on the spars, led them to the island where he had found the water. Thirty-nine there were that reached it. One, Lamberts, swam all the way. Thirty-nine and six made forty-five, all now under the command of Hays.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

DERRIK had kept a still tongue in his head while on Overtheway, and Van Welderen, knowing Cornelis desired to keep friends with him, had made the mistake of entrusting him with a letter asking for reinforcements. The people were showing signs of revolt, and Van Welderen did not feel strong enough to stand an attack from them. Things looked too threatening for him to leave the island, and so he had despatched the boat, under Derrik, with orders to return as soon as possible. On the passage Derrik had seen the beginning of the massacre, just as Pelsart had seen the gathering on the first Sunday; and his rush to the tent was a surprise to the boatmen, who had expected him to follow and fight by their side. As he was steering he was the last to leave the boat, for as soon as she touched the beach his comrades leapt out and ran up on to the plateau. He saw his chance to rescue the minister's daughter, and he had succeeded, thanks chiefly to the death of the sentry not having been

noticed; for Jasperts, propped up against the post, looked as though he were still alive.

Hays had set about the work entrusted to him in the most methodical of ways. The day he started he had camped on an island, now called Hummock Island, on which he found no fresh water. Next day he had been blown away to the north-east during the rain squalls, and passed the night at sea, but a change of wind at day-break enabled him to return to the archipelago at its extreme north, and he had since gradually worked down, through what are now the Wallaby Islands and the Easter Group, until he had at last found a good supply of water on the island a little to the north of the line between Overtheway and Batavia's Grave. Leaving Villier and Mirinbry to light the signal fires, he, Coe, Boniver, and Hongaer had set out in the boat to bring the news, and arrive when he was most wanted.

It was well on in the afternoon before all who had followed him were safely ashore. No sooner had the boat landed her first cargo, than she was off again to pick up those of the floating who wanted help, and backwards and forwards she plied until, as we have seen, thirty-nine fugitives in all had joined company with the six men of the water expedition.

When all were safe ashore, Bastians knelt down and

led a thanksgiving for deliverance and a prayer for help. And all, on their knees, joined in with voice and heart. They had, indeed, much to be thankful for, more than they then knew, and they had much need of help in their coming troubles.

By tacit consent Hays was acknowledged as chief. His task would have been an easy one under other conditions ; but, although there was plenty of water, the stock of provisions was now low, and, with so many mouths to feed, would not last more than three days. At present the people were loyal to him ; but how would it be when they came to starve ? Would he have to negotiate with Cornelis after all ?

A busy evening he had. From Derrik he heard the story of the Captain-General's election ; from Bastians he heard the continuation, concluding with the poisoning of the drink by Lucretia ; from Lamberts and Abraham, who had escaped on a plank, he heard how Heyndricks had died and the people risen.

"Well," said he at the close, "there's no schnapps to poison here, for we've drunk it all, and the only drink we've got is water, so you can't get drunk. And there's not much food left to play with, so from all phial droppings you are safe."

"What other danger is there ?" asked Bastians.

"We shall have to defend ourselves against the pirates," said Derrik.

"Just so. Luckily this island is a little one, and we can hold it easily. It seems to have been built for a fortification. There's the high rampart, broken only by the boat harbour, and there's the citadel, with the springs in the middle, round which our last fight ought to be fought. If only we had rations enough, we could defy his Excellency for months."

"Providence will not forget us!" said Bastians. "It cannot be that such wickedness should triumph."

"Well, we can hope not," said Hays. "One thing is certain, we have got the pick of the ship here, and, if we don't make a good stand, we ought to."

"But we have no weapons," said Lamberts.

"Two guns and a sword or two," said Hays; "but we have some tools, thanks to old Heyndricks, and we could cut a few bludgeons out of the spars we have drawn up on the beach."

"Peradventure," said Lamberts, "if a spike were thrust into each bludgeon it would make it a more useful weapon."

"Peradventure it would," said Hays, laughing. "And we might fix a sharp stone in some, and make them into battle-axes, such as the savages use."

“And make a few slings out of the lines we have got,” suggested Derrik.

“Just so,” said Hays. “But now let us take some rest. Cornelis will leave us alone to-night, you may be sure. His men will be too busy getting drunk for them to care about us.”

The sail of the boat had been set up as a tent for the accommodation of Judith. The men slept among some underwood that afforded adequate shelter during a quiet dark night such as had set in.

Next morning at daylight the men, weak and weary though they were, mustered in the centre of the island, which was not more than a quarter of a mile square, with a high cape at each of the opposite corners, from each of which two sides of the beach and the whole of the interior could be commanded. The interior was a large green field, with a few patches of bushes on the summit of a hillock, down in the centre of which a spring welled in a basin some three feet across, and flowed over along a narrow ravine just wide enough to shelter the boat. The water rose and fell with the tide, and had consequently been thought to be salt, but a trial had proved it to be fresh. Square Island was, as Hays had said, a perfect little fort.

Hays proposed to make Lamberts his second in command, and work the island in watches, just as



if it were a ship, and the proposal was agreed to at once.

"Now, let us choose our men," said Hays. "I will take the five men who were the crew of the boat. Now, Lamberts, you take five to set against them."

And then Lamberts, a burly powerful man of the Claes class, called out five from the ranks, who ranged themselves behind them. Three of them were the cabin passengers, two were sailors.

"Now," said Hays, "I'll take Derrik."

"And I'll take Abraham."

And then they chose alternately, until only Janszoon and Bastians were left.

"Let Janszoon be cook," said Lamberts. "He can cook, I know."

"Can you cook, Janszoon, without poisoning us?" asked Hays.

"I'll try," said Janszoon, grinning, "but don't give me poisonous stuff to cook."

"The preacher can advise," said Lamberts, "and the fair Judith can see that we behave ourselves, as we all intend to do. Don't we, lads?"

"Ay! ay!" said all the men.

"And will stand or fall together! Won't we?"

"We will."

“ And heart to heart and hand to hand is our best bond. We want no writing ! ”

“ No ! ”

And the men all passed in front of Hays, and shook hands with him.

And thus the little army was organized.

They were soon at work. The spars and planks were all brought up near the citadel, and there the lighter ones were sawn and trimmed into stout cudgels and quarter-staves. In some the spikes got out of the timbers were driven half-way in ; to others sharp pieces of limestone were strapped ; to some pieces of shell were fastened between the slit end ; and some were shod with iron. Cruel weapons, all of them, particularly the spiked ones. “ To comb Lucretia’s hair,” as Coe suggested. It was not a kind thought, but really there was some excuse for the savage hatred the fugitives took no pains to hide.

When the weapons were nearly finished, Hays took a spar that had been left, and erected it as a flagstaff and look-out. And to the top he ran up the boat flag he had taken with him, the flag being upside down, in token of distress.

This hoisting of the flag seemed to act as a challenge to Cornelis. About a quarter of an hour afterwards two boats put off from the long island, and headed as if

coming to attack. Hays made his preparations to meet them; but when they came abreast of the island, they bore off for Overtheway, which was about two miles south-west of Square Island. As the boats approached Overtheway, the fugitives could see that there was great confusion, and they suspected that the people were in revolt.

And so they were. The passengers had penned up Van Welderen behind his cases, and the Captain-General had come to the rescue. We need not dwell on the sickening details of the massacre that followed. Of the whole population, only three women and seven children were left alive, and the children were deliberately thrown overboard on the passage of the victorious pirates back to Batavia's Grave, whither Van Welderen and his men accompanied them.

Hays, from his station in the tree at the foot of the flagstaff, watched the whole affair. At first he thought of sending a boat's crew to the rescue, but, remembering how weak he was, he had reluctantly to give up the idea. But when he saw Cornelis and Van Welderen return and leave the island to the corpses, he resolved to take advantage of the chance that offered to replenish his provisions.

He saw the Captain-General land, and shrewdly guessed that the rest of the evening would be spent in

a drunken debauch, which would leave him free to act. And as soon as the sun went down, he, with Derrik and three of the soldiers, set out in the boat for Overtheway.

It was almost dark when he reached the island, and the little he could see he never forgot. The corpses lay in heaps, the blood saturated the ground. But no time could he spare to bury them. He had to think of the living before he attended to the dead. The provisions left by Pelsart were half gone, but much remained, and case after case was carried down to the boat and stowed away, till she was down to the gunwale. Then he went back, sailing swiftly with the north-westerly breeze abeam, and the boat was quickly unloaded. All night long he worked, making six trips in all, and just as the first tinge of dawn appeared in the sky he got back with his last load, in which he had brought all that was left of the stores and provisions designed for the unfortunates who had been murdered on Van Welderen's island.

Owing to the set of the wind and the current, he could pass to and from Overtheway much too quickly for Cornelis to interfere with him. And, as soon as he brought ashore his last cargo, he sent off Lamberts and a party to bury the dead. All the morning did Lamberts work at his mournful task, collecting many

daggers and swords, which had been used in the fray, and all of which he brought back with him. All that he saw he did not bring.

"I had not the heart," he said, "to take the knife from the woman's hand which she had used to defend her honour. I could not deprive the dead of the swords they grasped. The weapons which were on the ground, and not touched by the dead hand, I brought. I hope they are enough."

"Did you bury all the corpses?" asked Hays.

"Yes, all of them; and such a morning's work I never want to have again. It was horrible."

"You found no papers or jewellery?"

"No. I saw none. All that had been there were, I suppose, taken. I wonder why the murderers left the weapons and the provisions."

"Because," said Bastians, "they were drunk with blood. It was the work of Providence for our good."

"Well," said Hays, "it is not pleasant to profit by the misfortunes of others, but in this case we can only be thankful. One thing is clear enough to me. Cornelis has now only us to deal with, and he will assuredly come. But we are better prepared to meet him. We have weapons for half our company, and rations to last for a month or more."

And without delay he began to pitch the tents he had secured, and with the barrels and cases form a breastwork that was at least as strong as that at the head-quarters of the Captain-General.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE CEREMONIAL.

ON the 31st of August Cornelis had held high revelry as soon as the last of the corpses had been thrown into the sea from the eastern shore. He had quickly recovered from the blow struck by Bastians, and had been indefatigable in making the massacre as complete as possible.

Of Pelsart's supporters, and those who had figured on the wrong side at the meetings, not one was left. The island was his, and he was at the head of a band of desperadoes who would fight round him to the last. He was in high spirits. His hand had been forced and he had won, though he had not won as he had hoped, for Bastians, Judith, and Derrik had escaped him, and Hays had come up out of the deep to threaten his ultimate triumph. But what chance had the fugitive crowd, without weapons and without food, against his well-armed guard?

The men had told him of the state of affairs in Overtheway. Let him do the "King Heroding," as he called

it, in the morning, and then he would only have Hays to deal with; and, if Hays could not be beaten in fight, starvation could be tried.

One thing he must have, he thought—and it is strange how Cornelis clung to the same idea throughout—he must have a bond of indemnity, duly drawn up and signed. And so another of his curious documents was written, and every man, admitting his guilt to be equal to that of his leader, signed or made a mark. But we have given two specimens of these compositions, and that is enough. The instrument of the 31st of August was in the same style as its predecessors.

When the signing was over the Captain-General's health was drunk abundantly, and it continued to be drunk till far into the night. The men were quarrelsome, but did no harm to each other. Many had been wounded during the day, some painfully, but none seriously.

One thing puzzled Cornelis greatly. He could not understand how Heyndricks had been killed, for he knew nothing of the poison which Lucretia had stolen from his chest. Of the sentry no one thought; he had been found dead during the fight; it was supposed he had been shot, and, like many of the others, the corpse was thrown into the sea without examination.

"It is funny how Heyndricks went off," said Jerome



to Lucretia ; "perhaps he was frightened at what you were going to do with him ?"

"Perhaps he was," said Lucretia.

"Somebody said he was poisoned."

"Very likely."

"I don't suppose we shall ever find out what really happened. Poor Heyndricks ! I am sorry he's gone. He wasn't a bad fellow !"

"He was a brute," said Lucretia, "and he got what he deserved."

"I can't expect you to think as I do, Lucretia," said Jerome, "but I must beg you to be decent in speaking of the dead."

"O, indeed !" said Lucretia ; "then perhaps your friends will be decent in speaking to the living !"

And away she swung herself, glad to put an end to the conversation. She hoped to keep the matter secret ; she little knew that her secret, thanks to Bastians, was public property.

Next day Cornelis led the expedition to Overtheway, and slaughtered wholesale all who resisted him. The idea that Hays would seize on the provisions did not occur to him ; and he left them, intending to return in a day or so. When he got back the men demanded drink in honour of the victory, and again the night was spent in riot.

On the Wednesday morning, Wouter Loos van Maestricht was appointed steward in place of Heyndricks, with instructions to take stock of the stores and provisions. Loos knew nothing about the cases, and, helped by the blacksmith, Rutgert, had to break them open to see what was inside. One case he opened was found to contain scarlet uniform coats, heavily silver laced, and probably intended for some high officials in the Dutch East India Company's service. Another case, with similar marks, was found to contain similar clothes.

Cornelis was delighted at these two dozen gorgeous uniforms. They were just the thing for the body guard of a Captain-General! And Loos, in continuing his inventory, lighted upon another chest of clothes, among the suits being one of amber velvet and gold, just the very thing for a Captain-General's own wear! Here was fortune! By-and-bye, an amethyst-hued brocade was found at the bottom of the case, just the very thing for the Captain-General's lady!

"Oh!" said Lucretia, "isn't it beautiful?"

"And so appropriate, my love," said Jerome. "Your purple and my amber and the scarlet of our body guard will make a perfect picture."

"There ought really to be some ceremonial," said the lady, "in which your position is publicly recognized.

Kings have their coronations, why should not Captain-Generals ? ”

“ It shall be done,” said Jerome ; “ to-morrow we will prepare, and the next day we will devote to the ceremonial.”

“ That is a Friday,” said Lucretia, “ and the day is unlucky.”

“ We cannot stop for such nonsense as that,” said Cornelis ; “ besides, the sooner we get the matter over the better. I have business with Mynheer Hays, and there is a chance that all the guard may not be left to wear the scarlet coats.”

“ Then, Friday, let it be,” said Lucretia. “ We had better have the two dozen complete.”

Loos opened other cases and found other finery. One very strong case he opened, which yielded a necklace of diamonds, a tiara, and other jewels. Needless to say, Lucretia at once pounced upon these. So interesting was this search among the cases, that the day passed, and nothing else was done.

The Thursday was devoted to preparations for the great event of the morrow, the public greeting of Jerome Cornelis as Captain-General of Batavia’s Grave.

Four spars were fixed in the ground, and from them a canvas roof was hung. A packing-case floor was laid, and on the cases a chair was put.

"Two chairs!" said Lucretia.

"No, my dear," replied Cornelis, "only one. There is only one on the island. The people will elect me, and I will choose you, and then you can ascend the daïs and sit on a rum keg."

"A what did you say, my dear?" said Lucretia hissing through her teeth, and speaking in a concentrated way that meant mischief.

"You can have a case if you like," said Jerome, carelessly.

"It must be there, with the chair."

"Oh, no; that won't do. The more manœuvres we have, the more the crowd will be impressed. We'll hand it up during the ceremony. You see, there's the empty chair, the symbol of leadership; I am called to the empty chair, and conducted to it, and take my position as leader. Then I want a wife, and so they hand up the packing-case; and then I make a little speech, saying it's about time we got married, and, as Bastians has forsaken his flock, the sheep must arrange these matters themselves; and then I call you, and, with your golden hair floating down your lovely shoulders, you ascend the throne, and win all hearts by your queenly glances! Is not that the proper sort of thing?"

"Oh! It'll do," said Lucretia, as she left him.

"Yes," said Jerome to himself, "it will do. If it don't suit you, my lady, it'll be quite good enough for somebody else. I am not going to stand too much of your nonsense. However, I must set to work. I ought to have a code of laws ready for my subjects—that is the proper thing, I believe; if I don't, they will be making themselves nasty. I said I would do it, but that was only to humour old Zeevanck: and he might make himself very objectionable. The notices ought to run that to-morrow's ceremonial is for the official greeting of the Captain-General and the presentation of the laws. That is just the combination to please every one. Those who don't like the fuss will like the laws, and those who don't like the laws will go mad over the show."

And it was past midnight before Cornelis had finished his rough-and-ready legalities.

A fine day was Friday, 4th of September 1629: the sky, bright and sunny, with a few clouds floating across, and just enough breeze to make the flags show their patterns. By ten o'clock the last preparations were complete. The flags were hoisted on the four flagstuffs, the canvas roof had become a velvet velarium, the spars had been wreathed like a barber's pole, the packing-cases had been covered with a counterpane, the chair was in its place, and a barrel, cut down a

quarter of the way in front, and draped with a red table-cloth, made a presentable, if somewhat rickety, seat for a Captain-Generaless.

At eleven o'clock there was a flourish of a trumpet and a squeal from a whistle, and from the headquarters tent came the twenty-four warriors, all of a row, resplendent in silver and red. In single file they came, so as to make the most of themselves, and not overshadow each other's grandeur. Behind them walked Cornelis, in his amber garments, gorgeous to look upon. Behind him, at a respectful interval, were Conrad and Van Welderen, in their ordinary dress, one in blue cloth, the other in buff, with breastplate and backplate and steel cap. Then came Lucretia and Margaret, the latter looking very miserable; and behind them were the three other women, weeping bitterly. In fact, nothing was wanting to make the procession a success.

The guard, twelve to the right, twelve to the left, formed in a curve in front of the chair.

"A salute for our Captain-General!" ordered Van Welderen.

There was a very straggling volley.

"Load!" said Van Welderen.

The firelocks were loaded and shouldered while Cornelis ascended the dais. Then they were grounded,

and the spectators had the satisfaction of knowing that they were ready for instant use.

"Comrades," said Jerome, "you have asked me to be your Captain-General, and it has been suggested that my term of office should be inaugurated by a little ceremonial, in order to impress the importance of the office on the minds of those inclined to think lightly of it. It is no slight responsibility, I assure you, to bear the burden of government; and those called to the head of the State should ever be treated with deference. Personally, I care not for such frippery. My tastes are of the simple kind. I would not wear the robe of office had it not been thrust upon me, and my gallant guard would, I know, be only too pleased to put aside their festive raiment, and appear in their working clothes. But, comrades, we are the martyrs of a noble cause, the cause of order and liberty. Liberty cannot exist without order; order cannot exist without ceremony; and ceremony cannot exist without clothes. We have been blessed with the good things of this earth, why should we not use them? Is it not our duty to avail ourselves of the beautiful?"

Here he waited for applause. The applause came, loud and long—too long, in fact, to be pleasant. During the applause Cornelis sat down. When silence had been restored he rose,

"Not long ago, you, by your votes, entrusted me with the preparation of a code of laws for the regulating of our commonwealth. I have drawn up that code, and the copy I will affix to the notice board immediately after this ceremony is over."

Here was another burst of cheering.

"One other matter there is of great importance to us all."

All bent forward to listen as the speaker continued:

"You will remember that notice was given of my marriage——"

Here some of the men grinned.

"Of my marriage by the late predicant, who, in so cowardly a way, has deserted us. To-day we have agreed that the ceremony shall take place, and, in the predicant's absence, it seems to us we might as well perform the ceremony ourselves."

Here there were some shouts, and cries of "All the same!" while one voice was heard, "You are as much married now as you'll ever be," which provoked some laughter.

"Hand up the barrel," said Cornelis, while the noise was subsiding.

The red barrel was placed next to the chair.

"I will, therefore, call forward my bride," said he, continuing; "Lucretia!"



Lucretia advanced with much stateliness, looking quite resplendent in her gay brocade and sparkling diamonds. Cornelis, like a golden butterfly, stepped down to meet her, and led her to the daïs.

"Comrades, this is my wife!" said he, placing a ring on her finger.

"Comrades, this is my husband!" said she.

Here there was loud applause, during which the Captain-General and his consort sat down on the chair and barrel, and completed the picture, which was really very pretty.

"Now," said Cornelis, "the captain of our guard will follow our example. Gisbert van Welderen and Margaret Lowyssen, stand forward!"

The captain of the guard led the blushing Margaret in front of the daïs, and there the ring was put on, and the declaration made as before.

"Conrad van Huyssen," said Cornelis, when the couple had retired, "your bride is waiting for you over the sea;" and he pointed to Square Island. "To-morrow you shall go and fetch her!"

Here the applause was loud—louder and more genuine than it had yet been.

Again Cornelis rose from his seat.

"Comrades! There are three miserable women left without husbands, but as they have done nothing but

blubber ever since last Tuesday, I don't suppose any of you will be bothered with them ! ”

Whereupon there were shouts of laughter and a flourish of the trumpet, and this remarkable ceremonial characteristically ended with a glimpse of the cloven hoof.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE FIGHT FOR LIFE.

ON the Saturday morning the Captain-General, having abandoned his golden garments, called his men together, and made them a business-like speech as to the need of discipline, especially in such enterprises as they were now to engage in. A man fond of his own voice was our picturesque pirate.

“ Though your victory will be easy,” he said, “ yet you cannot afford to give Hays a chance. He has good men under him, who will join you if you are steady ; but at the least sign of a mistake they will remain your indefatigable enemies. Beware, therefore ! ”

This was good advice, and the men appreciated it ; but when they heard that Conrad was to lead them, there was a slight murmuring as to Captain-General’s not always coming to the front.

“ It’s all one to me,” said Van Bremen, “ Conrad or Cornelis ; but the long and short of it is that Cornelis wants to see Hays’ teeth before he comes within reach of them.”

However, nothing could be more appropriate than that Conrad should capture his bride, and, as Cornelis explained, it was an honour to have such an opportunity for distinction.

All was ready by noon. Twenty-two men were to go, each fully armed. Surely they would be strong enough to overcome all opposition?

"Don't spare them," said Cornelis; "but bring the girl and her father, if you can, without too much trouble. The rest had better be dispatched. We don't want too many mouths to feed."

The two boats were moved four miles up the western shore, till they were opposite Square Island. The passage from this point was under three miles, and, with the southerly wind, it would take about an hour. If Hays were not prepared an hour might settle him—an hour across, an hour there, an hour back, allow an hour for contingencies——

"You will be back before sundown," said Cornelis.

And off they went.

As they approached the island, Conrad saw the flag flying upside down, and the tents on the little hill. This was a surprise to him, for he knew nothing of the stripping of Overtheway. On the cape nearest to him he thought he saw a figure on the look-out, but he was not sure. On the

beach there was no one. What had become of the islanders ?

The low cliff rose like a wall from the narrow strip of sand ; there was not a break in the line, for the harbour was in its western face. The only practicable landing spot was at the south-eastern corner, in the shallow bay formed by the cape ; and thither Conrad steered.

Hays was ready. Keeping his men out of sight, he had them all at their stations ready to resist an attack on this very spot. Never was there a better example of slipping into the tiger's mouth.

Hongaer and Coe had their firelocks at the present, and, as soon as the boats were within range, Conrad saw two little puffs of smoke, and heard two reports, and a man in his boat and a man in Van Welderen's rolled on the thwart, severely, if not fatally, wounded.

The boats flew towards the beach. As they reached it the Frenchmen had finished loading, and again the two guns spoke with effect.

As the pirates hastily sprang ashore, the islanders appeared on the cliff, and literally jumped down on them. Sword in hand, club in hand, they attacked so suddenly, and with such vigour, that the volley intended for them was wasted. The fight was short and sharp. The pirates never recovered their surprise, and struck about aimlessly.

In less than two minutes they were back in their boats minus two of their guns, with two of their number dead on the beach, and six of their number, mortally wounded, stretched under the thwarts. As the boats drifted while sail was being set, Coe and Hongaer again fired, and again each claimed a victim.

"We have been betrayed," said Conrad.

"Return," said Van Welderen, "try further west. There are a dozen of us unhurt."

"No. There must be fifty there, and they are all well armed. Where did they get the weapons from? We must have more men."

And a voice came to them from over the water—it was Abraham's :

"Come again with the Captain-General!"

"Look, Conrad!" said Van Bremen, pointing to Judith, who had just come out of one of the tents. "There's your sweetheart!"

"Ah!" said Conrad, cleverly turning the laugh, "I will take her out on Sunday!"

He was back at Batavia's Grave a long time before sundown. Cornelis was waiting to receive him, and soon saw that he had failed. But the Captain-General was, as usual, equal to the occasion.

"Well, Conrad," he said, as the boats ran up, "you are back soon. Come up to headquarters,

and tell me the result of your reconnoissance in force."

The men had supposed they had been taking part in a defeat, but when they heard it called a "a reconnoissance in force" their spirits rose. What magic there is in a name!

It was very evident that the information gained by the reconnoissance must be acted on forthwith if the reputation of the leaders was not to suffer, and soon after sunset a notice was stuck on the board that the grand attack under the Captain-General would take place on the morrow.

"That is Sunday," said Lucretia.

"The better the day, the better the deed. If we send the minister to glory on the Sunday, we shall be doing him a favour."

This time the expedition started from the camp at the south end of the island. All hope of surprise had been abandoned, and the five miles sail on the smooth water before the favouring breeze would put all in good humour to begin with. And the men wanted something to cheer them. Of their eight wounded comrades one had died in the night, and one was not expected to live, and only one out of the remaining six was fit to take his place in the boat. To-day there were thirty-seven men in the two boats, and twenty of

these were from the body guard, and wore their scarlet coats.

By eleven o'clock they were close to the island; and again not a man was visible. The flag of distress flew out in the bright sunshine, and the tents on the hill shone white against the grey background of sky. The site of yesterday's defeat was pointed out to Cornelis, who kept away to the westward to reconnoitre the other side. Sailing along the coast he found the boat harbour and the bay formed by the north-western cape, with the hill close behind. His plan was soon formed. While one boat attacked the harbour, the other would land at the cape, and the crews would meet on the hill. Cornelis, with his twenty men, steered for the cape. As soon as they came within range the four guns on the island began to fire on them, doubtless attracted by the red coats.

Conrad was not shot at; he was allowed to land unmolested; it seemed as though Cornelis had drawn the whole of the enemy's force to defend the cape. Conrad, leaving his boat in charge of three men, rushed along the beach towards the boat he could see, high and dry, some forty yards up. If he could but get possession of that, Hays and his people would be prisoners. It was a tempting bait, and it was merely a bait. When he was within twenty feet of the boat, the



ground gave way beneath him, and he found himself in a deep pool of water that had been hidden under a false floor. At the same moment there was a yell of defiance in his rear, and Lamberts and his men, leaping down the cliff, swept the pirates into the hole prepared for them. The men in the boat fired and wounded two of the islanders, but before they had time to reload they were set upon by five of the men and Abraham, who effectually prevented them from doing anything to help their comrades. A long, stubborn struggle took place round the pit that had been so artfully planned. Conrad was driven back again and again in his attempts to get out, and his men were beaten cruelly with the bludgeons and hacked at with the swords. Five of them were killed in the water; one was run through the heart as he rose from his clamber to the brink. At last Conrad, bareheaded, and armed only with his sword, managed to cut his way through the angry crowd that surrounded him, and, followed by eight of his men, came to the rescue of those defending his boat. The islanders followed. Joined by the three, Conrad led another attack against them, but in vain: pikes and swords were no match for the heavy spiked clubs and battle-axes, that beat down all guards and by mere brute strength struck home. Once and once only did anything like a duel take place. Conrad singled out

Lamberts, and they crossed swords, but after a cut and thrust each, deftly parried, a cry was raised that the boat was adrift, and Conrad retreated, defending himself resolutely. He reached the boat, then cleared a space in front of him, jumped back, and pushed off. As the boat shot by there were men in the water waiting for her. One of these with an axe crashed in the skull of one of the wounded pirates, but before he could recover himself Conrad's sword flashed into his throat. Leaving seven of his dead behind him, and with four dying in the boat, Conrad steered to the help of Cornelis, who was barely holding his own.

And yet the attack of the red brigade had been well planned. Reserving his fire until he could see his foes, the Captain-General ran his boat up in such a position as to command the lowest portion of the cliff, where he expected them to appear. Three of his men had been hit by the sharpshooters, but not seriously, and he was not to be worried into wasting his ammunition, so that as his men disembarked they could not be taken at a disadvantage.

Anchoring his boat a few yards from the beach he jumped out on to the shelving sand, and led the whole of his men straight to the cliff, which was about ten feet high. Soon a practicable ascent was found, and the men began to swarm up. Hitherto he had not

seen an enemy, but he now heard the beginning of Conrad's fight as the three first men side by side mounted the crest of the cliff. As soon as their heads appeared above the level, ten of the islanders, in ambush on the spot, sprang up and attacked them.

But the red guard on the beach were not to be taken unawares. Instantly they fired a volley over the heads of their friends to clear the crest, but only one shot told, and that wounded Boniver in the leg. The report had hardly died away before an answering volley was fired from the cliff to the right, and two of the red men fell wounded, one mortally.

"All hands to board!" roared Cornelis, springing up the cliff, but as his hand touched the grass at the top he heard a shout below him, and, looking round, saw that Hays and a following had appeared on the sands, doubtless from some ambush. Before his men had finished loading Hays was upon them, and a terrible hand-to-hand conflict began.

All the advantage the pirates had in their better weapons was neutralized by their heavy armour and clumsy coats. "If only we had left our coats at home we should have won the battle," said the men afterwards. The gorgeously dressed body guard were no match for the lightly clothed islanders, who fought stripped to the waist.

As soon as the hand-to-hand fight began Hongaer, Coe, Mirinbry, and Villier clubbed their firelocks and came to the defence of the ridge. It did not take them long to clear it. In vain Cornelis tried to hold his own. He was driven back down the cliff, and his assailants jumped after him. The red guard was thus forced together again, and had to fight back to back.

It was not a tourney fight, with the ring and clash of steel for its only sounds, but a passionate tumultuous battle, in which the cry of the metal was almost lost in the ceaseless roar of threats and shouts of defiance, that rose and fell as fortune varied. The swords should have had it all their own way, but they did not, for the red coats were too crowded together by the impetuous onslaught of the men with the clubs and axes.

At first the islanders got the worst of it ; but then, abandoning all the rules of civilized warfare, they flung themselves at the soldiers, gripped them by their throats, and strove to knock their brains out. Again the guard seemed gaining in this cruel free fight, when suddenly Hays shouted, as had been preconcerted :

“ Go for your next ! ”

And his men, acting on the idea, struck fiercely, not at their own opponents, but at the opponents of their

neighbours, so that the pirates, taken unawares by this strange flank attack, suffered severely, and lost three of their number. Two of the men thus set free were Coe and Hongaer, who, seeing the fight still going level, deliberately loaded their guns, and appeared with them just as Conrad came up in the boat to the rescue, with Lamberts and his men following on the beach. Then the tide of battle set wholly against Cornelis. Step by step he was driven back along the beach away from his boat. His desperadoes had met with men as desperate; and now he was outnumbered. Conrad made a bold dash for the second boat, and though he lost one of his men, who was shot by Coe, yet he got her safe away, and took her to a ledge of rock at the extreme end of the cape. Along the sand under the cliff was Cornelis driven, his men fighting like tigers, his foes fighting even more savagely. Some ran back and up to the top of the cape, and threw stones down on the red coats; some fought them with the sword, some with a dagger, seized from the slain, in each hand, some with the terrible stone axes and spiked clubs that swung and fell like flails on a threshing floor.

The seventeen had sunk to six, the twenty had left ten behind them, when the last stand was made on the ledge of rock to which the boat had been

brought. The sand had narrowed and given out, and a platform of rock not a yard broad ran by the edge of the cliff and was just awash with the rising tide. Just at the narrowing, Zeevanck had made his way to the front to help his defeated comrades. A splendid swordsman and a brave man, though a villain, he was to keep the pass, and save the guard from surrender. And well he did it. Hays, who had been in the front all through the terrible fight, could gain no advantage over him. Every cut and thrust was met, every feint was a failure. Like two stage swordsmen, making much play and unwilling to hurt each other, they stood there on the slippery rock, fighting in the sight of all, with the bright sun flashing from their untiring blades.

At last all were aboard the boat except Zeevanck.

"You might let us retreat in peace," said he, very coolly, still watching his opportunity, "for the sake of old companionship."

"I can't trust you," said Hays.

"Honour!" said the old man.

"Go, then!" said Hays, watching him as a cat would a mouse.

"Thanks! I shall not forget."

And the old man returned his sword to the scabbard, and hurriedly waded out to the boat.

Hongaer was aiming at him as he clambered in over the stern.

But Bastians, who had followed behind the victorious crowd, knocked up the gun.

“Mercy! When the leader spares, the soldier should not kill!”

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL DOES NOT PROSPER.

THE Captain-General's defeat had been complete. Of the thirty-seven men he had brought with him nineteen had been killed, and all the rest were wounded. His own wound was but a scratch, but, trifling as it was, it was painful. Conrad's was more serious, and would keep him quiet for some time.

During the return to the long island hardly a word was spoken in either boat. The men were too miserable to curse. To have been pursued would have afforded a certain excitement, which might have lifted them sufficiently out of the abyss of despair, but to be allowed to retreat in this contemptuous way was to be left below the zero of profanity. The "jolly rovers," as they had chorused themselves when they started, had been thoroughly beaten, and were the very picture of despair, with all the scarlet coats and finery of the morning torn and slashed, and wet with water and sand and blood. To disguise or explain away such a disaster was beyond even Cornelis; and he did what was the



next best thing he could do, he made a feature of it, just as an architect does with a chimney or a ventilator that he cannot mask or get rid of.

Next morning after the weary burying of three bodies, for some unexplained reason thought worthy of a grave, there appeared on the board a proclamation informing all whom it might concern that in view of recent events the Captain-General intended until further notice to live at peace with the comrades now retired to Square Island, the sea being large enough to afford room for them as well as for the inhabitants of Batavia's Grave. "In defence we are both invincible," concluded the proclamation, "and every attack of one on the other must fail. Let us then live in good fellowship." Could anything be handsomer?

The men had recovered somewhat from their last night's depression. They had drunk away their cares, and had again risen to profanity pitch. They laughed as they read the notice, and shook their heads, and wondered what the next move was to be, for that Cornelis had given up the game none of them believed. They were half inclined to supersede him when, later in the day, another failure was found to have been scored against him. Wouter Loos had been sent to bring off some of the stores from Overtheway, and take account of the rest. He returned empty-handed, and it was soon

known that all the stores had gone, having evidently been taken to Square Island, which was now as well off for provisions as Batavia's Grave.

"Well," said Lucretia, "you seem to be unfortunate, Jerome."

"At present, yes; but all is not over. It comes of striking before you are quite ready. If Heyndricks had waited for a day or two before he died, we should have been in a different position."

"A man cannot go too soon, if he cannot be happy till he is dead."

"A man can go too soon for the rest of the world," said Cornelis, "and I don't see there is any chance of his being happy after he has gone."

"Oh! Why not?"

"Happiness is only having your own way; and how can any one in this universe always have his own way, either in this world or the next, unless you change his character and inclinations?"

"But that is what is done, we hope."

"Then if Heyndricks is all changed, he is no longer Heyndricks. If he is not changed, he will find things no more to his liking than here; and I'm sorry he's gone."

"I am not."

"We should not have got into this mess if he had been here."

And, much to Lucretia's annoyance, Jerome, in his despondent mood, continued to bewail his friend, and, as it comes easily to some natures to do, he laid all the blame of his blundering on his having been deprived of the adviser whose advice he would probably have despised. It was lucky for Lucretia that he had not yet discovered the theft of the poison. Had he done so, she would assuredly have been the scapegoat. But Jerome's despondency did not last long. Before the sun had set he was himself again, intent on a new scheme for the annihilation of those he now called "rebels."

Hays had lost five of his men, and fourteen were seriously wounded. He himself was unhurt. It certainly seemed that the predicant's theory of special protection for the distressed was true.

"I knew it," said he to the people, in his jubilant sermon on the Sunday evening. "I knew in my heart that the enemy of our race could not prevail against us. So it has ever been; the wicked prosper for a time, and then their works come to nought. Their wiles are as a pillar of wet sand which crumbles as soon as the sun of heaven shines upon it"—a truism in the guise of a comforting truth, for that which wins when the worlds all end cannot well be wickedness. But the wiles of the wicked were not

over, as Bastians was to discover on the following Sunday after he had enlarged on the same theme. The sun had gone down behind a thick bank of cloud, and the evening was dark and still. Bastians was taking his last walk for the night round the south-eastern promontory, when a figure appeared close in shore, walking on the shelving sand to the land.

"A fugitive from Cornelis!" thought Bastians, and he gave no alarm. The man, who was naked except a loin cloth, ran round the bay, and began to climb up where Conrad had been surprised. For some reason the sentry did not see him, but when he reached the top of the cliff he found himself face to face with Bastians.

"Halt!"

The man stepped back, and, seeing who it was, fell on his knees.

"Mynheer Predicant," he said, "help me! I am a fugitive from Cornelis, who would have killed me."

"How did you get here?"

"I swam here."

Which was true as far as it went, but it was not quite true, for Van Campen had been brought by a boat to within half a mile of the island. He had

a very easy part to play. The indefatigable Captain-General had had quite a new idea as to a most unexpectedly roundabout method of doing what he could just as well have done straightforwardly. And it is not worth wasting time in making a mystery of the matter. Cornelis wanted to enter into communication with Hays, so as to obtain access to the French soldiers, and his pride required he should have some excuse for doing so. To send a flag of truce to say he wanted to be friendly seemed to him to be undignified; he must have some other reason. And Van Campen was ordered to play the part of a fugitive.

"You will be quite safe," said Cornelis to him. "They will be sure to take care of you. I will come in the morning, and ask for you. If they give you up, all is well; if they don't give you up, keep quiet; make what observations you can, and when we come to attack them, you join us. Nothing can be easier."

As soon as the swimmer told the minister how he had arrived, the sentry came up.

"Swam here!" said Bastians; "you don't look wearied enough to have done that. You must stay here in charge of the guard, until orders are given about you. I will bear the news."

In a few minutes Hongaer and Derrik appeared to take the prisoner to head-quarters.

Hays had half a mind to shoot him there and then, on the ground that no fugitive from Cornelis could possibly be up to any good, but the minister said a word in season, and Van Campen was given some clothes and food, and put under guard.

"I do not believe a word he says," said Hays, "but I'll do nothing till to-morrow."

Next morning at eight o'clock a boat was reported approaching from Batavia's Grave. The islanders were called to arms.

"Bind the prisoner hand and foot," ordered Hays; "if there is some scheme afloat, we must be prepared for it."

The boat had only four men in her, and was flying a white flag. Hays ordered the signal of truce to be answered, and the boat ran ashore.

Loos jumped on to the beach, and, holding up a folded paper, shouted :

"I have a letter from the Captain-General to the commander of this island."

"Beware that it is not poisoned!" said Bastians to Hays.

"Open it and read it," said Hays, on the cliff, to Loos, on the beach.

"That is not the usual way to treat a flag of truce," said Loos.

"There is nothing usual in all this matter," said Hays.

"I was to deliver the letter," objected Loos.

"Read it," persisted Hays.

And to the men now gathered along the cliff Loos read the letter, which stated that a man had deserted from Batavia's Grave, and was thought to be on Square Island, and, if so, his surrender was demanded in the interests of all.

"And if we refuse?" asked Hays.

"Well, I don't suppose anything will happen," said Loos, "for he's not worth fighting over; and I was not sent to challenge you. My orders were to leave the letter for your consideration, and return in the afternoon for an answer. And I have another letter for Mynheer Bastians, so I'll leave them both down here. I can't compliment you on your good manners, but I suppose it is all in the day's march. Good morning!"

And Loos laid the letters on the sand, with a stone on the top to prevent their being blown away, and, stepping into the boat, he was soon bowling back under full press of sail.

"There's no poison in those letters," said Lamberts.

"I don't think there is," said Hays, jumping down

and picking them up. "Here, mynheer, what does yours say?"

Bastians opened his letter.

"Why should we be at war," it read, "when we might be at peace? Why should a preacher of the Gospel seek to perpetuate discord? Lend your aid, my respected friend, to bring about a reconciliation between us. Should not your message be peace and goodwill towards men?"

"When I was at La Rochelle," said Derrik, "I heard a learned man say that the message was not peace and goodwill towards men, but peace towards men of goodwill."

"Then you had much better not try to say clever things on the strength of isolated scraps of information," said Bastians, with severity. "This letter does honour to the writer."

"Let us consider about that in our tent," said Hays. "Lamberts, come with us."

And a lively discussion took place when the leaders were alone.

Bastians would have kept the man a prisoner, but Hays would not hear of it, and he was supported by Lamberts.

"What!" exclaimed Bastians, "hand over a fellow-creature to that villain's tender mercies!"



"But the villain has reformed," replied Lamberts; "see how mildly he talks. He contradicts himself; either he wants peace or he does not. If he wants peace, there is no harm in giving him back his man."

"I shall not be satisfied till Van Campen has left us," said Hays. "I distrust the man. He cannot be telling us the truth."

"Then, at least you will hear what Cornelis has to say, if we tell him we are prepared to treat with him?" said the minister.

"There can be no harm in that, if we keep on our guard," said Lamberts.

In the afternoon Loos returned, flying the white flag as before. He was met on the beach by Hays and most of the men, the Frenchmen doing duty as a guard of honour. As he landed Hays apologized for his distrust in the morning, and informed him that Van Campen was at his disposal. Loos did not look particularly pleased when the prisoner, naked, as he had arrived, was ordered to get into the boat.

"This is a pleasure I did not expect," said Loos; "but it shows a right feeling. What is your answer, Mynheer Bastians?"

"I have written it," said the preacher. "It reciprocates the good wishes for peace, and informs

your chief that we would gladly hear further from him."

"That is something like," said Loos; "and if you had anything to drink I would drink your good healths."

"Pray, don't," said Hays. "We have nothing but water here; we don't keep poison."

"Poison! What do you mean?" asked Loos. "Is good liquor poison?"

"Lucretia made it so, when she poisoned Heyndricks," said Hays.

"I really do not understand you," said Loos. "I never heard of Lucretia poisoning anybody."

"Then you have much to learn of your master and his mistress," said Lamberts; "for it is true that she did poison Heyndricks, and Cornelis made the draught."

"It is an insult!" said Loos.

"No," said Lamberts. "You are not a bad sort of fellow, Wouter, and we think you might as well know that you are playing with edged tools."

"It is very thoughtful of you," said Loos, with a sneer.

"Your mission is accomplished, mynheer," said Hays, coldly.

"It is; I will be gone. I will repeat your observations to the Captain-General."

"It was intended that you should," said Hays.

And Loos and his prisoner returned to Cornelis.

On the Tuesday morning Loos came, bringing another letter. It thanked Hays for giving back "the deserter," and enclosed a list of articles of which the inhabitants of Batavia's Grave were short, in the hope that Hays could supply them out of the stores removed from Overtheway in exchange for clothes and sundries that were in abundance on the Grave. Nothing could sound more reasonable and friendly, and, as Loos had only four men with him, he was invited to share in the noonday meal then preparing. He was asked if he had said anything about Heyndricks.

"No," he said, "I thought it was not worth while."

"But it is true," persisted Lamberts. "Who is steward now?"

"I am."

"Then you'll go the same way."

Loos seemed to be much impressed, but he said nothing, and the conversation took another turn.

When he was ready to go, Hays gave him a list of the things he could spare and of those he wanted in exchange, and they parted apparently good friends.

In the evening Coe asked to have a word with the commander.

"Well," said Hays, "what is it?"

“ It is a private matter, mynheer ; I would rather speak to you alone.”

Hays went out with him to the northern cliff, where no one was within hail.

“ We have had this letter from Captain-General Cornelis,” said Coe, putting a slip of paper into his hand.

“ How did it get to your hands ? ” asked Hays.

“ One of the men in the boat gave it to Hongaer, who gave it to me.”

“ Have you read it ? ”

“ Oh, yes ! It is addressed to the five faithful Frenchmen, and we have all read it.”

“ Has it been answered ? ”

“ Yes. As the boat put off the man asked me what was my answer, and I said, ‘ All right ; we agree.’ ”

“ I should have heard of this before,” said Hays.

“ No, mynheer ; it was best not.”

“ What does the letter say ? I cannot see to read it.

“ It offers us six thousand livres a piece if we will send you to Batavia’s Grave in the same state as you did Van Campen.”

“ And you have agreed to do it ? ” said Hays, coolly.

“ Yes ; but as a ruse,” said Coe. “ We know in whom we can trust. We thought the minister would interfere if we showed this to you at the time, and we

are prepared to deal with Mynheer Cornelis according to his merits, if you will allow us."

Next morning, Wednesday, the 16th of September, the boat again appeared, bound for the island. As she approached the harbour it was seen that she was loaded with cases, and that Cornelis sat by Wouter Loos in the stern sheets. The Captain-General had come in person to arrange with the traitors.

He came in all the state with which one friendly monarch visits another, and Hays could not but admire the winning smile and easy bearing with which he stepped along the thwarts of the boat. He was so confident of triumph; and yet in a moment he was to fall.

As he reached the sand, Derrik suddenly threw a noose over his neck, and dragged him to the ground; at the same time Coe and his comrades drew their swords and attacked the boat's crew. With one great effort Loos succeeded in pushing off, while his men protected him, but the pirates were at a great disadvantage, and three of them were killed before the boat was under way.

It was all over in a minute; the men were dead, the boat was off, and Cornelis was a prisoner.

He was almost choked with the cord drawn so tightly round his throat, and his arms were pinioned im-

mediately. He was not allowed to rise. His hands and feet were tied; and by his legs and shoulders he was carried head first up the ravine.

In the narrowest part he made a desperate struggle, and got his legs free. His captors gripped him by his shoulders and dragged him along the ground in spite of his frantic resistance.

“Hauling the bowline,” said one of the passengers.

“That’s it,” said another, for the men were brutally triumphant. “Now then, Mynheer Lamberts, get him along with a song.”

“Well, he does deserve it,” said Lamberts, “and it may help him out of misery quicker. So hang on there, all together:—

“Haul in the bowline! His physic sent him ro-olling,

Haul in the bowline, the bowline—ho!

The bell may now go tolling, for we’ll rig a running bowline

And we’ll hang him in that bowline, in that bowline—ho!”

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### AT LAST.

CORNELIS was dragged up to the hill, and left in a tent, with two sentries on guard over him. Hays would allow no one to approach him or talk to him. Even Bastians he ordered to keep away.

"He is a dangerous man," said Hays, "you do not know what he might do; we must not give him the least chance."

And he certainly did not. With his hands strapped behind him, the Captain-General was laid on the ground, and left there till the morning to be tried.

The trial was fixed for ten o'clock, but a quarter before that hour the look-outs reported two boats approaching from Batavia's Grave. They were loaded with scarlet-coated men come to rescue their leader. Loos and Van Bremen were in command. Conrad and Van Welderen were too weak to be of use, and Zeevanck was left in charge of the island.

When Lucretia had been told the news she had set her teeth, and said :

"I will rescue him, and take vengeance on the traitors."

And to rescue him was her only chance. Well she knew that the men would not long submit to her governance, that they would probably turn on her in one of their drunken fits. With Cornelis her power and safety were gone. She had studied the men's characters well enough to know that, with the exception of Loos, there was not one who would not make her a slave; and Loos had lately dropped hints as to the death of Heyndricks, which were most disquieting to her. Heyndricks! Always Heyndricks! Sleeping or waking the vision of the poisoned man would come to her, and need a great effort of her will to bid it depart. "I will not be so foolish," she would say to herself; "leave me for ever!" But the vision was a persistent foe. For a time, while her will was on guard, it would vanish, but in the first moment of relaxation back it would come, not to terrify her so much as to worry her. And all this night as she lay awake it was Heyndricks who ended every scheme and troubled every train of thought. Of the sentry she thought little, but the steward's roar still rang in her ears, as did the shout of the people when they found he was dead.

But she was all amiability in the morning, courteous and pleasant to all, and eager as any in getting the



boats manned by the best men with everything likely to lead to a successful issue. Fifteen men there were in each boat, making, with the leaders, thirty-two in all, so that Hays, with his losses, would be outnumbered. And Loos now knew the island's weak points, and was a brave and capable soldier. Failure under such circumstances was not to be thought of. At the worst they might find Cornelis dead. And then? "Then," said Loos to himself, "I shall be Captain-General, and when the ship comes I'll capture her as Cornelis proposed, and I will be rich, and Lucretia will have to explain this poisoning business." In fact, Loos was a worthy inhabitant of Batavia's Grave.

The boats were sighted by the look-out almost as soon as they had started. They had set out from near the camp, so that the passage was the longest they could make, but the wind was south-westerly, and therefore blew on their larboard quarter. For about ten minutes it continued steady, then it became squally for a few minutes, and then it died away. When the boats were three miles from Square Island they were in a calm. The oars were got out, but a cloud came rolling over the wave-tops, and soon Loos was in a white fog. After rowing some time and keeping together, the boats ran aground. The men leapt out, to find themselves, after a few minutes, on Overtheway.

Loos was for making a fresh course from here, but Van Bremen thought it better to wait till the fog cleared off. And this was agreed to, the boats being drawn up on the beach.

Meanwhile Square Island was wrapped in fog, and the watch had to be kept all round it lest the enemy should land. It was long, tiring work this watching; every ear intent for the sound of oars, every eye on the alert for the sign of a boat or a sail coming out of the mist. About one o'clock the wind began to blow gently from the northward, but the fog continued.

At four o'clock the air cleared from the northward, and there—wonder of wonders!—off the north-east point of Square Island was a large ship!

“A ship! A ship!” shouted the excited islanders.

Overtheway was still invisible, and not a sign of a boat was on the sea.

“Launch our boat!” ordered Hays, running to the harbour. “He who gets to that ship first wins the last fight!”

Off went the boat. In her were Hays and three of the men, and away she flew over the smooth sea, the oars bending at each stroke.

The ship was coming slowly towards the island, with the lead going all the time, as though those on board knew the navigation was difficult. She seemed to be

a merchantman, and was a smaller vessel than the *Batavia*. Soon Hays was near enough to read her name. She was the *Saardam*.

Rowing as the men were, they could see Overtheway appear from the mist, and it did not so appear until they were within a cable's length of their goal.

The people on the ship had seen the boat coming, and stood ready to help Hays on board.

He saw the captain, and told him briefly of the mutiny, and, looking towards Overtheway, pointed out the two boats with the men in red now coming towards him.

"They will board you and capture your ship," said Hays.

"Will they?" said the captain; "I do not think they will? We are not as innocent as we look!"

"They are very desperate," said Hays.

"So are we when we have to deal with such fellows as those. Get your men on board, and we'll have your boat in."

The boat was quickly run round to the starboard side out of sight of the advancing pirates, and hoisted in. Then Hays saw the crew go to their quarters, and every preparation made for a fight, except running out the guns, which stood unsuspected behind the

ports. For the *Saardam* was even better armed than the *Batavia*.

On came the boats, making sure of their prey. At last! At last! The grand scheme of the Captain-General was to have its chance!

"The men look nice," said the captain; "I had no idea that scarlet and silver would become them so well."

"They are villains," said Hays.

"That we will see. They are within range now, I think. They are parting company, one to try the bow, one this quarter, I suppose. Very good, my friends."

The captain was evidently quite in his element.

"Give them a hail," he said.

A gruff-voiced sailor roared over the water:

"Boats ahoy! What do you want?"

Back came the answer from Van Bremen:

"You'll know when we get on board!"

Instantly there was a complete change in the *Saardam*. Out came the muzzles of the guns, each muzzle pointed at the boats, which were running full speed into the trap; and the bulwarks and tops were alive with armed men, far outnumbering those who had thought to surprise a helpless merchant ship.

"Throw your weapons overboard, or I'll sink you!" shouted the captain.

There was no help for it. Overboard went the guns and swords.

"Now come up the side one by one."

The men looked. To resist meant instant death.

"Look alive!" said the captain; "I have no time to waste."

And one by one the pirates, headed by Van Bremen, came through the gangway. Every man was put in irons the instant he touched the deck.

And as he was led away he had to pass by Hays, who had won the prize in this terrible game.

"Now for the island," said the captain, when the men were all secured.

One of the boats was manned by an armed crew from the ship, and steered to the little harbour. As Hays and the captain landed, they were cheered again and again, and the men crowded forward, to shake hands with him who had rescued them.

"Where is your prisoner?"

"In this tent, mynheer."

"Bring him out into the light."

"Come out, Mynheer Captain-General!" said Coe.

But Cornelis made no movement.

Villier was at the door of the tent, and the two Frenchmen, seizing the prisoner by the shoulders.

brought him out and held him up in the red light of the setting sun.

“ Well ? ” said the captain.

Cornelis started, and for a moment seemed unable to believe his eyes.

And then he exclaimed :

“ A thousand furies ! It is Francis Pelsart ! ”

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE FATE OF THE WOMEN.

THE irons were put on Cornelis, and he was taken on board the *Saardam*, where he was thrown into a cell by himself. Hays was left on shore for the night, but Derrik, at the invitation of Claes, who was bigger and healthier-looking than ever, returned in the boat to the ship.

During the evening, Derrik heard from Claes the story of Pelsart's adventures, the log of which can be found at length in the publications of the Hakluyt Society, as one of the first records of exploration on the Western Coast of Australia.

Pelsart's boat, it seemed, reached the mainland on the 9th of June, and discovered a low rocky shore, barren and waterless. Next day, still making to the northward, the sea became so rough that, to lighten the labouring boat, some of the biscuit had to be thrown overboard. With the rough sea and the high wall of cliff, Pelsart considered landing to be too dangerous, and continued coasting northwards until Sunday,

June 14, when he anchored in twenty-five fathoms, and six of the men swam ashore to seek in vain for water. Towards evening they, for the first time, saw the natives. Four perfectly naked black men came to watch them, one man in front of the rest; but as soon as the Dutchmen attempted to get near them they ran away, so that the sailors had to swim back to the boat, having accomplished nothing. Next day, further north, Pelsart discovered two ridges of rocks running into the sea, between which he steered, to find no passage and return. Then another opening he ran into, to find brackish water on the beach, just in time to save his men from dying of thirst. Close by was a heap of ashes and some shellfish remains, betraying the visit of man.

On the Tuesday a barren plain was found, with anthills large as cottages, and flies in multitudes that swarmed round the unfortunate crew. Eight savages were seen, and an attempt was made to approach them, which ended in their taking to leisurely flight as the four had done. At noon the crew returned to the boat, and a few miles farther to the north lighted on the river of Jacob Remmescens.

Pelsart was now a hundred miles from the wreck, and had found no water. The coast was barren and unfit for settlement—so far as he could see. To return



would be to make matters worse than he had left them; and, taking Claes into counsel, he told him of his original intention of sailing in search of rescue, and shaped his course for Java. The new start was made on the 16th of June, the day Cornelis was floating about the bay on the mast.

On Saturday, June 27, Pelsart reached Java, and in the morning he landed and found a pleasant rivulet, from which he filled his casks. His troubles were now nearly over, and he bore off along the coast for Batavia. On the 2nd of July he was at Thwarttheway; on the 3rd he sighted the *Saardam* and a consort, and in her he went on to the capital of the Dutch East Indies. Twelve days afterwards he was off, in command of the *Saardam*, to rescue the survivors of the wreck. He expected to find De Scanis in command; great was his astonishment to hear of the reign of Cornelis, whom he thought to be dead. But his surprise was as nothing to that of the pirates, who recognized him when he shouted down at them. He seemed to have come from the clouds to be their judge; and in terror they had surrendered.

But, bitter as was their surprise, it was more than equalled by that of Lucretia. When the boats disappeared in the fog, she flattered herself they had vanished but to gain the victory. Through the long hours that the fog continued she had gone to the north

of Batavia's Grave, and listened in vain for some signal from Square Island. As the cloud rolled slowly away it left her island last, and the boats had been captured before she saw the ship. Knowing the scheme of escape, she supposed, as no news was sent, that Loos had carried all before him; and, rashly thinking Cornelis triumphant, she had returned to the camp to spend the night in congratulation at the stay on Batavia's Grave having at last come to an end.

It was wonderful how even the wounded woke up to join in the noisy enjoyment. The liquor and the song went round. The last night on the island! And loud roared the chorus, as Zeevanck, by request, trolled forth the inevitable "Off to the Indies in the morning!" though, in their ignorance, the merrymakers but half appreciated that significant stanza:—

Come and take a drink, boys,  
Come and take a drink!  
Drink and take an old man's war-ar-ning;  
We're as good as one another,  
And every man's a brother—  
Until we go to quarters in the mor-or-ning!

The night closed in tragedy. The fun grew so fast and furious, that the three wretched women, who had been subjected to every insult and outrage, were sent for to help on the merriment.

They had no cause for rejoicing. To them, a life on board ship, at the mercy of these men, would be worse

than death ; and, sullen and brooding over their wrongs, they came prepared, at the slightest spark, to burst into desperate flame.

It was Margaret who provided the spark. Under Van Welderen's tuition she had sunk almost to the depths. Thinking she had found a man, and that a man was the noblest work of God, and arguing that all men must be as he was, brutish in pleasures and in hopes, she had persuaded herself that Bastians and all the others were but hypocritical Van Welderens hiding their true natures under a conventional cloak of decency. At purity and innocence she had learnt to scoff. As the men were merely brutes, so were the women, once the mask was plucked aside. All were bad ; and as she assumed the rest did, so did she. The reasoning is common enough. "Nothing exists that we cannot see," say the people ; "surely, what we see must be all." And the vain and gentle Margaret had become a fit companion for Lucretia.

"Drink, Anneken," she said, "drink and be merry. What nonsense it is to pretend you don't like it. Make your miserable life happy, my love. And you, too, Susje, away with all that whimpering and take a drop."

"Here, drink, pretty creature, drink," said Conrad, trying to force the liquor into Anneken's mouth.

With a sudden jerk she dashed the liquor into his face, and would have run away.

“Stop, my lady, stop!” said Margaret, holding her by her skirt.

“Let me go!” said Anneken, with flashing eyes.

“Not a bit! not a bit!” said Margaret.

In a moment Anneken had snatched a dagger from Conrad’s belt, and driven it into Margaret’s throat. With a shriek of madness she fled. As she rose Susje and Trijnte had risen, and were struggling. As she struck they were free. And in a sudden outburst of mania the three seized each other’s hands, and together they leapt into the sea from the low cliff facing the wreck.

There was a hurrying to and fro of the half-drunken, half-maddened men, a wading into the sea in the starlight, an ill-directed attempt at rescue, which ended in nothing.

The three were drowned, and they drifted away; and Margaret died within the hour.

Some of the men would have resumed their carouse, but the hollowness of the gaiety was so painful that the endeavour lasted but a few minutes, and in no enviable mood they lay down to rest and wait for the triumphant return of Cornelis in the morning.

Half an hour after sunrise they could see the ship

was under way. Slowly she moved to the eastward passing in front of Square Island, and entering what is now the Geelvink Channel, off the north point of Batavia's Grave. Then she wore, and came coasting down, keeping about a mile from the land.

In vain Zeevanck and his comrades looked for a red coat on board, or some signal to show that she was in the possession of his friends. Not a figure could he see. In the smooth sea and gentle breeze she glided by, like a phantom. There was not a sound, not a sign of life.

As she came southward she approached the shore. When she was near the site of the wreck, and the camp was well under her guns, she suddenly awoke. A numerous crew furled her sails, her anchor was let go, and the two large boats that had left the island the morning before came round her stern and rowed straight for the landing-place. They were full of armed men, but the men were not those that had disappeared into the mist.

Then, and then only, strange to say, did the pirates lose their confidence. So great had been their presumption, that the idea of a failure had not occurred to them till that moment.

When they recognized Pelsart and Claes they would have fled in a panic along the narrow island, had not Zeevanck stopped them.

"Be men!" he said, "be men! Stand to your arms. We are strong enough to drive those fellows back."

"But there are more in the ship," said Van Welderen; "we cannot withstand them, and there is nowhere to escape to."

Lucretia was ghastly pale. Her lips were bloodless and parched, and her tongue refused to speak except in whispers.

"All is lost!" she gasped. "Jerome is dead! Loos is dead or a prisoner. All, all, is over!"

And above the lapping of the waves on the sand, and the jolt of the oars against the pins, she heard the roar of Heyndricks, and the shout of the raging people.

But the boats ploughed up on to the beach, and Pelsart jumped ashore. Instantly he led his men at the run to the headquarters tent, which commanded the island. At the same time Claes drew his men up along the cliff, and the firelocks were levelled at the sullen mutineers, who made no movement of resistance.

"Lay down your arms!" said Pelsart. "Jerome Cornelis is a prisoner on my ship. Loos, Van Bremen, and the rest of the cut-throats are there to keep him company. We have enough for an example. Lay down your arms, or I'll leave not a man of you, or even this woman, alive."

There was no help for it. A few of the pirates

looked for a moment or two as if they would resist, but the hopelessness of a fight to the death appalled them.

"Who is in command of this gang?" asked Pelsart.

There was no answer.

Pelsart looked at Lucretia.

"You, my lady?"

"I am not a man," said she.

"No, nor a woman," said Pelsart. "Put the irons on her!"

"What?" she said, shrinking together, "put the irons on me?"

"Quick, Fredericks," said Pelsart; "keep her hands down. Beware of her. She is the most unscrupulous villain of the lot."

And her hands were forced behind her back and there secured.

"Why have you done that, mynheer?" asked Zeevanck, boldly; "I was in command for the time."

"Then come forward and lay down your weapons."

And Zeevanck was put in irons.

"You will know more about Lucretia soon enough," said Pelsart. "She it was who poisoned Heyndricks and Jasperts."

"Then she deserves to die," said Zeevanck.

"And so she shall," said Pelsart.

Then Van Welderen was called and ironed. Then Conrad ; then Decker ; and then the rest, one by one. And then the prisoners were sent off to the ship, and Claes and his crew were in charge of Batavia's Grave.

In the last boatload of prisoners was Lucretia, who had said not a word since the irons had been put upon her, but who was bleeding at the lips where she had bitten them in her agony.

"Keep an eye on her," Pelsart had said, when he sent the boat back for the last time. And the officer had seated himself beside her.

All went well until the boat was alongside the ship.

"Now, my lady !" said the officer, helping her to rise, and handing her to the rope ladder.

As her foot touched the boat's gunwale she sprang wildly backwards, and, before any hand could catch her, she was overboard.

The officer dived after her, and brought her to the surface. But when she was lifted into the boat she was dead.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE FATE OF THE MEN.

ALL is plain sailing now our story is told. The next few days were spent in the horrible task of torturing the prisoners, such being the method of preliminary examination in 1629. Cornelis and his companions were racked and thumb-screwed, and confessions innumerable, more or less worthless, obtained from them. In this way the whole story of the plot was revealed, and the truthfulness of Hays and the Square Island people confirmed.

On the long island the days were spent in searching for the missing valuables. Among other things the contents of the jewel-case were recovered, all but one diamond ring, which was never found. An orderly people were these Dutchmen. A statement of the stores disposed of and missing was drawn up, and the accounts of each island closed and balanced as if each were a merchant's branch establishment. All the stores were accounted for, all the deficiencies signed for, all the transfers duly made. Credit *Batavia*, debit *Batavia's*

Grave; credit Grave, debit Overtheway; credit Overtheway, debit Square Island; credit Square Island, debit *Saardam*; credit Grave, debit *Saardam*--all on the Italian system, with much columnar analysis and Dutch ornamentation.

And a great effort was made at salving the chests of silver that had formed part of the cargo. Methodical Francis Pelsart had brought with him Gujerati divers skilled in under-water work, and these were employed for many days weighing up all they could lay their hands or feet on. Of the silver and bullion all the chests were recovered but one, which is said to remain there to this day, if only the West Australian speculators could find it!

Overtheway was visited, and everything left behind by Hays was removed; and crosses were set up over the graves, which have long since disappeared. Square Island was cleared of its people, and the stores brought back to the original camp. And then everything on the long island was surveyed. And by the 28th of September a clean sweep had been made, and all was ready for departure. There was nothing left behind but the chest of silver that could not be found, an anchor and buoy to mark the site of the wreck, and three pairs of gallows and a chopping block for the execution of the prisoners.

It had been Pelsart's original intention to take the prisoners to Batavia. But when all was loaded up, the *Saardam* was so crowded, that he thought it best to deal with the serious cases on the island, and under the powers conferred by the Artykelbriefs he summoned a court-martial to support him in the infliction of the last penalty

Before that court-martial it was proved that Decker had murdered Van Purmerent, that Lucretia had poisoned Heyndricks, and that Cornelis and his gang had personally taken part in the two massacres. To Van Bremen it was brought home that he had killed, with his own hand, twenty-seven different people! And, in the end, sentence of death was passed on Cornelis, Conrad van Huyssen, Jacob Pieters Cosijn, Andries Jonas van Luyck, Matthias Beyr van Munsterberg, Albert Jansz van Assendelft, Jan Pillegrom de Bye van Bommel, Rutgert Fredericks, Lenarst Michielsz van Os, John Jacob Heylwerck van Basel, Rogier Decker van Haarlem, Jan Hendricksz van Bremen, Wouter Loos van Maestricht, and David Zeevauck. In all these cases a definite case of murder was substantiated. In cases where exceptional cruelty had been shown, the sentence added the chopping off of the hands as a preliminary to the death penalty, and among the few who escaped this was Zeevauck. In fact, an

effort was made to get the old man pardoned, but Pelsart was not inclined to be sentimental.

"No!" he said. "It has been proved he committed murder, and the murderer must die. That he was thorough in his work is no excuse."

Among the boxes opened in the taking stock was that into which the supercargo's papers had been put, which Heyndricks had desired so much to get hold of. The papers were read through. Although they contained little that of itself was valuable, yet in the light of what had happened their testimony to the existence of the conspiracy no one could mistake. But in another matter their discovery was most welcome, for they contained two letters from Dordrecht, implicating him in the poisoning of Maurice Pieters, and also the formula of the poison by which the merchant had been removed. It was owing to these papers that, two years afterwards, Dordrecht suffered for his crime.

Derrik succeeded to his uncle's fortune, on proof of his identity, and became a steady-going merchant of Haarlem, with Judith, of course, for his wife. Poor girl! she had had trouble enough; and yet happy is the woman whose troubles end with her wedding.

Bastians died at Batavia in December 1629, soon after he landed from the *Saardam*. He was delighted

to have Derrik for a son-in-law, and gave him his blessing in the last hour of his life.

“I am glad to leave her with you,” he said, “for I know you will keep your word. You might have been older, you might have been richer, you might have been a great many things, perhaps ; but the great thing is, you love each other, and there is none too much love in this world at present. It is a privilege to belong to this beautiful world, even as the humblest servant in it, and it is a privilege to leave it when we have no fears for those we leave behind. God bless you, Jan ; God bless you, Judith. Do not weep for me. I felt the pangs of death when I saw those villains massacring the poor folk on the last day of last August. May God forgive them, for they knew not what they did ! Take care of Judith ; be kind to her, and think often of her as you think of her now. When you are tempted to be angry with her, think how your anger would have fled on the day she promised to be your wife. There ! kiss me, both of you. And now I would turn my thoughts from earthly things.”

But the “earthly things” gained the victory. With his last breath he sighed :

“Judith ! Jan !”

And he died holding their hands together in his.

What of Pelsart ?

He retired from the sea after the next voyage, and we know no more of him.

What of Hays ?

He was, the proceedings of the court-martial relate, promoted to be sergeant for distinguished services ; but he got tired of that exalted post, and left the mynheers to join Gustavus Adolphus, and he was killed on the Breitenfeld two years after his defence of Square Island.

And our Captain-General, what of him ?

He was hanged in the evening of the 28th of September, as the fiery sun sank in the west where the sky and water met. High on the gallows he was hanged, but no higher than the rest. As the rope was put round his neck, he said :

“ I see we are all equal here.”

“ I know not,” said Pelsart ; “ I have made you so to look at. But I do not know how you differ in your thoughts, your fears, and your repentance.”

“ Repentance, I have none ; fears, I have none ; thoughts, I have many.”

“ It is all one now,” said Pelsart, “ the world is so big that even the thoughts of Captain-Generals never will be missed.”

“ And yet a man’s thought never dies !”

These were the last words of Jerome Cornelis,

mariner, apothecary, pirate, and cynical philosopher. Thoroughly unscrupulous and almost incredibly inconsistent, he would have been forgotten long ago had he not failed.

His scheming ended on the gallows, and yet his work changed the face of the world.

He wrecked the Dutch endeavour to colonize New Holland.

And the task was left for the fortunate Englishman.







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